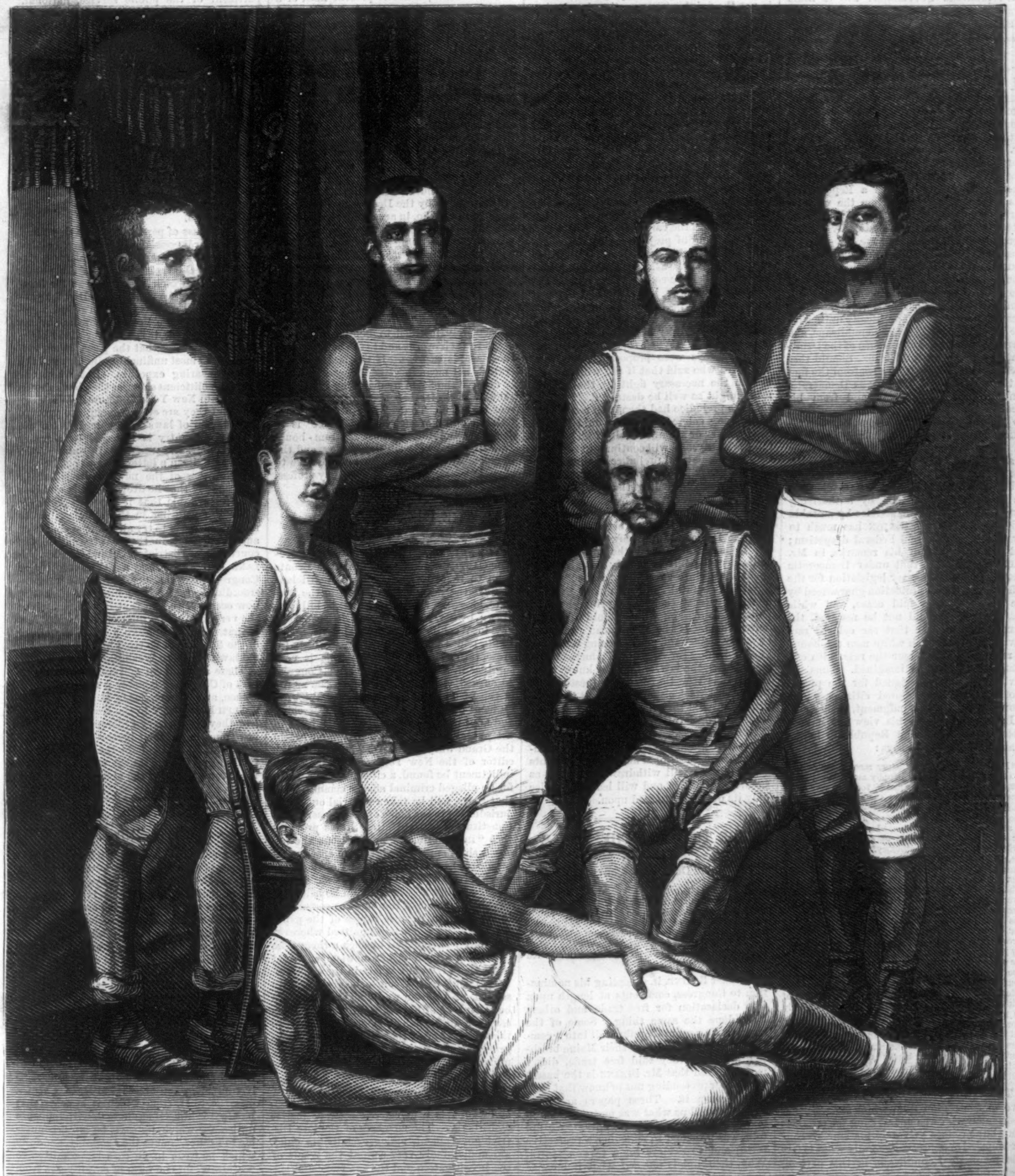
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVIII.—No. 918.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



Jasper T. Goodwin. Philip Timpson (Bow). Seligman (Sub.). Robert C. Cornell. B. Frank Rees (Stroke). Edward S. Rapallo. Gasper Griswold.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA—THE WINNING CREW.—Photographed by Notman, Montreal, for D. O. Barker, New Haven, Connecticut.—[See Page 633.]

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 1, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a double-page engraving of the great Steam-Hammer at Woolwich, England, a Punch and Judy Show, and a view of Shakspeare's Cliff.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The veteran **Truman Smith**, ex-Senator from Connecticut, and now eighty-three years old, but apparently with his natural force unabated, has written a letter to Senator **Brownlow**, of Tennessee, sympathizing with his opposition to the Civil Rights Bill. Mr. **Smith** is a good representative of a sturdy New England sagacity, and his opinions are well worth considering. Moreover, like Mr. **Brownlow**, he is a Republican. His argument, indeed, is from the view of party policy, and asserts that the bill is an attempt to extirpate a prejudice by legislation, and must inevitably have the effect of closing the schools in the Southern States, and of alienating the whole white population, so that ignorance will be perpetuated, the colored race and the poor whites will tend to relapse into barbarism, and the whole mass of the whites will politically unite with the Democrats against the Republicans, and increase the chances of a return of the Democratic party to power in 1876. Should that event occur, Mr. **Smith** argues from the fact of the election of Mr. **Eaton** as Democratic Senator from Connecticut, and from his speech after his election, in which he defined his position, what the Democratic policy toward the colored citizens would doubtless be. The national purpose in regard to them is shown in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, which gave the care of their rights and interests as a separate class to the national government by authorizing Congress to enforce the articles by suitable legislation. Now Mr. **Eaton** has much to say of State rights and Federal despotism; and the meaning of his remarks, in Mr. **Smith**'s opinion, is that under Democratic ascendency the necessary legislation for the enforcement of the protection guaranteed by the amendments would cease, and while chattel slavery could not be restored, the Democratic doctrine that the colored race have no rights which white men are bound to respect would become the rule, with evil results that may be imagined. Thus the Civil Rights Bill, designed for the proper protection of the colored citizens, would prove, in Mr. **Smith**'s judgment, their ruin.

In sympathy with his view we have a letter from an eminent Republican in the State of Georgia, who says:

> "I am not aware that history records the fact of two races living together happily and prosperously, upon terms of perfect equality, for any very long time....If the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill become a law, the public common-school system of Georgia, as well as of most of the Southern States, will be abandoned, in my opinion. It is immaterial what the sentiment of opposition may be called, whether prejudice, fanaticism, aristocracy, or whatever: it exists, and it can not be overcome during the present generation. The opposition is stronger among the poor whites, and that class embraces most of the Republicans, than among the rich, who can educate their own children. No law so odious as this can be enforced among a people so hostile to it. Massachusetts was perhaps more law-abiding than the Southern States, and the Fugitive Slave Law could not be enforced there without producing riots and bloodshed. My judgment is that there is but little to be gained by the colored man by the passage of the law, and he will lose infinitely by it. No man can be sustained in the Southern States who approves it, except by the colored voters, and the strong tendency of such a state of things must be to produce a party based exclusively on race—a result greatly to be deplored by both, but more especially by the colored man. I think that the bill will defeat one if not two of the Republican members of Congress from this State this fall. The whites can't approve it, and the blacks can't succeed without whites to lead, and if some can be found to lead, they will lead colored men only."

This is the view of a very sagacious native of the region from which he writes, a gentleman who was not writing for publication, but to state privately his sincere convictions. He expresses strongly what is felt also by many Republicans in this part of the country. But the situation seems to us plain and imperative. It is the intention of the amended Constitution to make the new citizens perfectly equal with the old citizens before the law. Of that there is no doubt whatever. If, therefore, they have now, all circumstances considered, the same safeguards of those rights that the older citizens have, they have all that the Civil Rights Bill claims, and, as there will be no change, the evil results which are anticipated can not arise. But if these citizens have not those safeguards, upon what possible grounds of principle or policy, of humanity or patriotism, is it urged that the laws of the United States shall authorize a prejudice of race, or deliberately secure civic inequality among citizens? The Civil Rights Bill is denounced as visionary, theoretical, impracticable legislation. But this objection, even if it were valid, comes too late. The folly, if it exists, was in granting the citizenship, not, certainly, in defending it when it is granted. The logical position, and the only tenable one, of those who oppose the bill is to demand the repeal of the original grant.

The objection, as stated, is that it is useless to legislate against a prejudice. That is not the point. The question is whether it is useless to assert and maintain the equality of American citizens before the law. The present consequences of enforcing that equality may be unfortunate to the schools in some parts of the country. But that is only a theory, and if it prove to be a fact, the evil is in its nature temporary. But deliberately to establish injustice in the law is a degradation which is permanently fatal to the national character. It is said that the prejudice must be left to time and various influences. But in the mean while what will you do about legal injustice? Is that also a prejudice? Is that to be left to time? Moreover, if you recognize the prejudice at one point, why not at another? If the legal rights of a citizen in a hotel or in the cars are to be abandoned at the demand of prejudice, why not abandon his legal rights at the polls if prejudice requires? And we ask those who think that a prejudice is to be conquered by allowing it to dictate the laws, how soon and in what manner they expect it to disappear? The sure way to foster it is to recognize it in the law, as the sure way to begin its extinction is to outlaw it. When the war began, and colored troops were proposed, there were wiseacres who said that if the whites could not do the necessary fighting, the government might as well be destroyed. Suppose that the prejudice had then been recognized by refusing colored soldiers, would it have been weaker or stronger to-day? There are those who say, and will continue to say, that they have a natural prejudice against colored persons. But can any good purpose be served by strengthening that prejudice by law?

Mr. **Smith** argues that to pass the bill would be a party blunder, because it would help the Democrats into power. But since the Republicans passed the amendments, and since the bill is merely carrying the amendments into effect, they can not reject it without a fatal confession that they do not really trust their own principles and policy, a confession which would of course defeat them. If the Republican party has any duty plainer and more pressing than that of establishing the equality of American citizens before the law, we do not know what it is. It is true that had the question not been raised, its decision might wait upon the general ground that the necessity of legislation or of declaration had not arisen. But it has been raised. Some kind of action is imperative; and that action which maintains the constitutional and conceded rights of the citizen will withdraw the negro, as such, from politics, and will leave prejudice only its own folly to feed upon.

FREE TRADE AS THE LITTLE JOKER.

The Maine Democratic Convention lately resolved

> "That a protective tariff is a most unjust, unequal, oppressive, and wasteful mode of raising the public revenue; it is one of the most frequent and fruitful sources of corruption of administration. We, therefore, the Democracy of Maine, in convention assembled, declare for Free Trade and in favor of unfettered and unrestricted commerce."

Speaker **Blaine**, in accepting his nomination to Congress, comments at length upon this declaration for free trade, and others have done the same thing. Some of the Democratic papers therefore fall into a comical fury, and insist that their Maine brethren, although they said free trade, didn't mean it; and that Mr. **Blaine** is the basest of men for pretending not to know that they didn't mean it. These papers are good enough to tell us what was meant, although it was not said. The resolution, we are told, was intended to denounce a protective tariff, and to declare for a revenue tariff. Why, then, did it not say what it meant? Revenue tariff is a phrase quite as familiar in our politics as free trade, and it expresses a wholly different thing. Free trade is non-interference with trade; a revenue tariff is interference by the levy of a tax, not for protecting a special industry, but for the purpose of revenue. And an honest and intelligent free-trader supports a revenue tariff not because he approves such a tax upon trade, but because he thinks it to be more just than protection. But he calls it a revenue tariff, not free trade.

If the Maine Democrats did not know these simple truths their plight is ludicrous. If they did know them, as must be presumed, their purpose is obvious. They would fain be all things to all men. The party is sadly in need of "a cry," and some of its rhetoricians have therefore proposed what they call "home rule" and "free trade." But when an enthusiast is asked what he means by free trade, he nimbly answers that he means something else. "Now you see him, and now you don't." "You pays your money, and you takes your choice." The simple fact is that the revenue of the government has always been largely raised by customs duties; there is present need of a great revenue, and it is the almost universal conviction that it should be raised as heretofore. Thus tradition, necessity, and public opinion all demand indirect taxation, while free trade requires direct taxation. And as those Democrats who like to call themselves free-traders know that free trade is an impracticable policy, they childishly resolve for free trade to save their "cry," and when challenged, ridiculously reply that they mean a revenue tariff.

Such gentlemen, however, when they assert that their Maine brethren did not mean either free trade or direct taxation, and that it is a vile slander to say that they did so, are disposed of by the Democratic candidate for Governor, who, in accepting the nomination, as Mr. **Blaine** states, "specially approves the foregoing resolution, and *intimates his endurance of the lowest form of revenue tariff* only until we shall be educated up to the idea of equal *direct*, and therefore moderate, taxation for the support of government, and *until this idea shall be brought into practical operation.*" The Speaker is therefore entirely justified in holding his opponents to their words and to the policy which those words express. If the Maine Democrats do not mean free trade, they deliberately deceive the State by declaring for it. If they do mean it, they necessarily mean direct taxation. To declare "in favor of unfettered and unrestricted commerce" is to declare absolutely against custom-house duties. Honesty is the best policy, and the Democrats would find it more profitable to have the courage of the opinions they profess.

THE PRESS AND THE POLITICIANS.

The **Poland** bill and the law which Senator **Carpenter** introduced in the Senate seem to reveal a conspiracy of politicians against the press. It is stated in the Boston *Advertiser* that the **Poland** bill was drawn by Mr. **Harrington**, District Attorney in Washington, assisted by Mr. **Shepherd**, and then given to Mr. **Poland** for presentation in the House. This is very significant, if true, for soon after Congress adjourned, while the report upon the affairs of the District, severely censuring the government of which Mr. **Shepherd** was chief, and advising its abolition, was still fresh in the public mind, he laid a complaint before the Grand Jury of the District against the editor of the New York *Sun*. Should the indictment be found, a citizen of New York, for an alleged criminal offense committed in that State, will be taken for trial out of its jurisdiction to the home of his accuser. The Constitution of the United States provides that "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and District wherein the crime shall have been committed." If it should be held that the alleged crime of the *Sun* was committed in Washington because copies of the paper were sold there, it was committed wherever one copy was sold, and by such a theory the editor and proprietor of a newspaper would be liable to trial any where in the country.

This point will, of course, be preliminarily settled. No editor would suffer himself to be taken out of his State for trial until the courts of his State had conceded the right to take him. And if that right exists, if Congress can put every editor in the country under the law of the District of Columbia and bring him for trial before its courts, there is a centralization accomplished of which there has hitherto been no suspicion, and which is a monstrous blow at justice and liberty. The members of the late District government, and especially its chief, are undoubtedly very sore at the result of the investigation and the summary and significant action of Congress. Members of Congress also are naturally often, and not unjustly, angry with the newspapers that hold them up to ridicule and contempt. For the power of the press is immense, however it may be characterized, and however much its influence may be decried.

That power, as those know best who are most familiar with the press, is often abused for the meanest and most selfish purposes. Indeed, "newspaper morality" has with many persons come to mean a very inferior kind of morality, and unquestionably editors often permit themselves to say in their papers what they would hesitate to say upon their own personal responsibility.

But whatever the defects and offenses of individual journals, the freedom of the press in the fullest and largest sense is to be maintained at all hazards. Whatever those offenses may be, they are not more nor worse than those of the politicians who seek their revenge by such means as the **Poland** law. The conspicuous and cheering fact of the times is the relentless exposure and punishment of corruption and extravagance and want of honor and conscience in every department of the public service, national, State, and municipal. And this is the work of the press. It is Argus-eyed and Briareus-handed. Its agents, indeed, are not always honorable, nor its methods clean. It is often impertinent, inquisitive, impudent. But it is universally pervasive, looking into every thing, suspecting, testing, guessing, thinking aloud, inquiring, denouncing, often finding a mare's-nest, and mistaking the darkness of a cupboard for the depthless abyss of night. Yet if its hand were paralyzed and its eye blinded and its tongue silenced because of their weaknesses and abuses, there would be a universal cry for the liberty of unlicensed printing such as that which **Milton** uttered in England two centuries ago.

As the class of persons who are described by the word politicians increases in this country, as they form rings to procure legislation to make their plunder of the public legal—rings which produce laws for **Sanborn** contracts, for moieties, for District governments, and for every form of swindling—and as these rings become more audacious and unscrupulous, it is a matter of the highest public interest that the press be encouraged to the most unflinching inquiry and the most unsparing exposure. But when the rings of politicians show, as they have shown formerly in New York, and now in Washington, that they are strong enough to procure the passage of laws to gag and fetter the press, the country is menaced by a grave danger. Mr. **Poland**, who introduced the bill, has written a letter to say that he was not thinking of the newspapers. But he does not say that he drew the bill; and it is very remarkable that it supplies precisely what was wanting in the existing law to make it possible to try all newspaper editors and proprietors in the country before the courts of the District of Columbia. Mr. **Poland** is a lawyer, and a Representative in Congress of experience. How did this extraordinary fact escape him? And has it now occurred to him that it is a fact, since the very first action under the amended law is that of Mr. **Shepherd** against the editor of the *Sun*, whom he tried in vain under the old law to force to Washington for trial?

There are eminent editors who are members of Congress: Senator **Anthony**, for instance, and Messrs. **Ellis H. Roberts** and **Joseph R. Hawley** in the House. And unless they take a very different view of this law from that of their brethren of the press, there can be little doubt that upon the assembling of Congress next winter they will move for a repeal of the obnoxious sections.

M'MAHON AND THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

The politics of a country where "the revolution is *en permanence*" is always exciting, because the situation is always one of scarce restrained civil war. This is the chronic condition of France. At the end of the German war an Assembly was elected to make peace with the Emperor: and having done that, it has continued to govern France. It elected M. **Thiers** executive chief, and when he resigned, it elected Marshal **M'Mahon** to succeed him. Last year it resolved that he should hold office for seven years; but it provided no means of selecting a successor nor of establishing a political system. The Assembly has declined to call another, to frame a Constitution, or to dissolve. This wholly anomalous situation continued until the other day, the Assembly being apparently supreme, when Marshal **M'Mahon** sent a message to it, from which it appears that he regards himself as charged with immense duties, for which, he says, he is "accountable to France," not to the Assembly, and from which he "can in no case be permitted to withdraw" for the term of seven years from November 20, 1873.

Marshal **M'Mahon**, therefore, does not consider himself the creature of the Assembly, and would smile at the thought of resigning, as M. Thiers did, because of an adverse vote. In according his powers, he says to the Assembly, "You yourselves enchained your sovereignty. I shall employ the means with which I am armed by the laws to defend my power," which, he grimly adds, is, of course, what you intended. He urgently invites the Assembly to complete the law of November 20; that is, to provide some form of government for him to administer for seven years. The situation is half ludicrous, because the Assembly suddenly finds that its servant is its master. The marshal commands the army, and the army really decides the form of government in France. To speculate upon the probable action of the Assembly would be the merest guessing. The one thing which is evident in every aspect of the confusion is that there is no one party in France which is unquestionably stronger than all the others. The present state of things is sometimes called a republic, and there is often a stout assertion that France is unquestionably republican. What is meant by a republic in France, however, it is not easy to decide. It is very different from our conception of a republic. Laboulaye is a Frenchman who thoroughly understands our system—more thoroughly probably than any of his countrymen—and he says that the most vociferous republicans in France have no idea whatever of the character of republican government. They suppose it to be the supremacy of the majority, immediate and without conditions. And fearing a government by Jules Favre, Gambetta, and Rochefort as more fatal to liberty than the empire, Laboulaye voted for the empire at the last plébiscite.

Such facts show the difficulty of sympathizing wisely with parties and movements in France. If, as Americans, we are called to sympathize with the republic, we may properly ask what and whose republic? The desirable government for the country is one, whatever it may be called, which, first of all, would keep order; then compel universal education and the cultivation of political habits, public meetings, discussions, nominations, elections; for political practice is as indispensable to liberty as political principle: a government, in fact, which, by leaving the people largely to their own government, would teach them to govern themselves, as in this country our colonial fathers were taught by English traditions, and by the circumstances in which they were placed. But what government possible to France in her present condition would ever do this work? Yet the opportunity is partly offered. For if the Assembly had the patriotism to devise a system which would encourage the kind of education which is needed, Marshal M'Mahon is quite honest enough to enforce it. The vice of his title must be overlooked. It is true that if the Assembly could make him chief of the state for seven years, it could have made him chief for life, and the Presidency hereditary in his family. In other words, he holds upon the assumption of the absolute sovereignty of the Assembly. But in dealing with such a situation such logic must not be considered. And if the fact be that the sentiment of France is divided throughout the country as it is in the Assembly, and there is as little patriotism in the people as among the representatives, the prospect is most melancholy. Doubtless order is tolerably sure while M'Mahon holds his place; but there is nothing else certain in the situation.

A PLEA FOR EX-GOVERNOR SHEPHERD.

The Troy *Times* recently made a warm plea for ex-Governor Shepherd, of Washington, against what it calls "the popular cry for his destruction," stating that "every crime of the decalogue" is "attributed to him, without a particle of proof to sustain the accusations;" and it appeals to the American love of fair play. Such an appeal should not be made in vain. But what are the facts?

After long-continued and detailed accounts of gross mismanagement and knavery in the affairs of the District of Columbia, Congress ordered an investigation. The committee appointed for the purpose was peculiarly able. Senator Allison was chairman, and with him were Senators Thurman and Stewart, and of the House Messrs. J. M. Wilson, Hubbell, Lyman K. Bass, Jewett, and Hamilton. They made a thorough investigation, and reported unanimously. What was their report? They alleged that the Board of Public Works, of which Mr. Shepherd was the controlling spirit, had adopted a vicious method of letting contracts, which increased the cost of the work and facilitated dishonesty; that there was a "loose manner of doing business;" there were no stated times for board meetings, and there were false records of meetings; while during the three years of the existence of the board there was no verification of the accounts of the auditor or treasurer—all which facts, in the opinion of the committee, showed an inexcusable negligence. The debt of the District was limited by Congress to $10,000,000. The committee found the total burden to be nearly $21,000,000. An appropriation of $75,000, made by Congress for a specific purpose, was misused by the board. The District authorities presented accounts against the United States, which the committee, after hearing testimony and examining the books of the board, found to be unreliable and inaccurate, and not verified according to law. And having scrutinized in every detail the government, of which Mr. Shepherd was chief, they recommended its summary abolition. Congress, fully satisfied, peremptorily abolished it by a nearly unanimous vote; and when the President nominated the chief person in that government to be one of the temporary Governors, the Senate instantly rejected the nomination, only six Senators voting for it.

The defense of the Troy *Times* is that Mr. Shepherd is a man who had a grand idea of making Washington a magnificent city, so preventing the removal of the capital to the West, and saving to the people "hundreds of millions of dollars consequent upon its removal;" that he has made the city "pre-eminently the handsomest city in the United States;" and that while there have been jobbery and speculation and corruption in the work, yet so there have been in similar works in New York and elsewhere, and that there is not the slightest evidence that implicates Mr. Shepherd in fraud.

This is the defense of the *Times*. Yet when it says of the work in Washington, "All this was inspired and carried out by the genius of one man, Governor A. B. Shepherd," it makes him the chief, responsible, active, intelligent agent of a government which the committee of Congress unanimously denounce as loose and of inexcusable negligence, misusing appropriations, and transcending by millions of dollars the lawful limitation of its liabilities—evidently thinking very much more than they say—and which they find so outrageous that they recommend its total abolition, thereby removing Mr. Shepherd from office. Is it credible that the man who was thus, according to the *Times*, really the government should have known nothing of any of the irregularities and corruptions which have been exposed, and should, so far as appears, have done nothing whatever to correct them? Was the head of the whole business, who was never before accused of imbecility, the only one who knew nothing of what was going on? It is impossible to conceive a more thoroughly incompetent officer than the *Times* makes Mr. Shepherd to have been. It is certainly no evidence of "genius," or of common-sense, or of common honesty to have gone on "improving" a city at a cost of $16,000,000 when $10,000,000 was the limitation, expecting Congress to pay the surplus. The work was done without warrant of law, according to the committee, and upon such terms any body can make magnificent improvements. The defense of the *Times* serves to show how utterly indefensible the conduct of Mr. Shepherd has been, and to justify the report of the committee, the action of Congress, and the rejection by the Senate.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXII.

These fitful climates of Western Europe, tepid with the damp breath of the Gulf Stream, and softened from their natural rigors by an artificial warmth, seem never to lose wholly the arctic character. There is always a remarkable discrepancy between the temperature of the sunlight and the shade. The warmth of the tropics may glow in the bright gardens of the Tuileries while an icy chill will be felt beneath the arches of the neighboring palaces, on the narrow streets, or under the dome of the Invalides, and in the cavern-like recesses of Notre Dame. A similar effect is noticed in London. The interiors of the larger buildings are singularly cold and forbidding, and it is often necessary to warm them with a winter's fire when a summer sun is ruling oppressively without. France and England are covered with clouds and pierced by sharp north winds at intervals that seem almost independent of the season, and want wholly that regularity of temperature that sometimes wearies out the inhabitants of our transatlantic coasts by its unsparing sameness. England hides under a perpetual bank of clouds that preserves its latent warmth, but does not repel the chill breath of the arctic zone, and the north of France is even colder than England. But for those bright summer hours that rule so fiercely with us over harvest and lawn and city, for those soft and brilliant autumnal scenes that transform all nature into one great panorama of beauty, or for those pure fresh winter days when the intense cold, the spotless snow, and the glittering sun that fails to melt the silvery icicles are the symbols of nature's purification, and for the winter night, when the glory of the heavens shines down through the pellucid atmosphere on a realm fairy-like with frozen crystals, Western Europe has no parallel. For these the American wanderer pines. In England one sees scarcely any thing but an overhanging veil of cloud—at least in winter—and in France the canopy of mist and rain at this season is only broken up by chilling winds.

An evenness of temperature is produced in this way. And there is seldom in Western Europe a transition so great as that between the height of an American summer and the winter extreme. Yet the lesser changes here are more numerous and less easily guarded against. It is almost impossible, indeed, to guard against them where fuel is so scarce, and where the people seem prepared to live only for a summer clime. Health can never be fully secured to Paris until the coal of our Western mines is poured into it freely, and probably the grain and beef of our overflowing prairies. But in one particular these European capitals seem to have wholly overlooked the example of their classic models. Never Pindar could have sung of water with lyric rapture in Paris. Here the Ancient Mariner might well have uttered his plaints. The water of the valley of the Seine is rank and odorous. Three hundred years ago unlucky embassadors to the court of the Louvre complained hopelessly of the unfriendly mixture, and still the city that has more than once fancied itself the capital of mankind has raised no imperial aqueduct. Rome, with its fourteen tides of pure spring water, or even Carthage, with sixty miles of limpid stream, one might suppose would have taught Bourbon and Napoleon the chief want of a great city. The sums wasted in triumphal arches, brazen columns, or hecatombs of slaughtered soldiers would long ago have given to the Parisians a source of unfailing health. The cost of Napoleon's tomb, the price of a chill boulevard, the interest of the German debt, would have sufficed to fill the gay capital with perpetual fountains, open to all as freely as in New York and Philadelphia. But possibly the republican privilege of an unbounded flow of water which the Roman populace was the first to secure, which was one of the earliest tributes to sovereignty of the people in instructive Latium, had no charm for the royal peculators—the Tweeds and Sweenys of the Tuileries and Versailles. The fountains of Versailles played only for the royal pleasure. Even Haussmann has neglected the chief want of Paris.

On Sunday Paris puts on its garb of mediæval gayety and rushes madly to the races. An immense throng of vehicles make their way up the Champs Élysées, and from the Arc de Triomphe seem to cover the long and graceful alley under the blossoming trees like a swarm of insects. All classes of the population join in the frequent carnival. Gamblers, duelists, and statesmen, artists and poets, dukes and Legitimists, the whole corps, apparently, of the Legion of Honor, clerks, shop-keepers, students, mingle in the mad chase of pleasure, and don the cap of folly. Of the fairer, but not in this instance always the gentler, sex, the throng is no less conspicuous. Painted and daring faces dash by, from whose extravagant modes of dress the fashions of the world are governed. Close at their side ride duchesses and famous women, the leaders of Parisian society, rich and languid mothers whose infants are at nurse in the deadly shambles of the suburbs, American matrons who are "educating" their children in Paris, English ladies who have forgotten the proprieties of Victoria's court. Virtue and vice ride on together. The refinements of the nineteenth century, the delicacy of cultivated life, the charms of moral purity, are lost in mediæval folly. It is as if one were transported back to the city of Rabelais or of Henry III., saw Catherine de' Medici amidst her maids of honor, or the women of the Fronde and the League at their maddest exploits. In the Sunday evenings, I am told, the throngs of fashion fill the theatres to listen to plays from which modesty shrinks, at which virtue trembles. It is easy to conceive that in such a society dissipation and mad gayety lead to their natural results, that crime, remorse, despair, brood over the scenes of fancied pleasures. Paris teems with tales of horror—unnatural mothers, frightful fathers; the wretched home, the sudden death, suspicions almost too dreadful to be told, fates harder than those of the victims of all common misfortune, are usual themes. There are rumors of fair American women who have purchased titles at the loss of their fortunes, happiness, and even their lives; of American families who have ventured within the circle of Parisian gayety, and been undone. It is certain that Paris is no safe school in which to complete an American education.

The churches of Paris can not apparently win many from the races. The Roman Catholics, who have had the exclusive control of the religion of the city and nation for so many centuries, who have so effectually excluded and repressed dissent, seem helpless to check the tide of dissipation. I was in Notre Dame on a chill Sunday when the small band of its worshipers was nearly lost in its immense and cavern-like gloom. A few spectators wandered among its forest of columns. The great organ pealed in tones of thunder. The well-trained choir seemed larger than the audience. The organ-blower, who sits in the open aisle, smiled and nodded to his acquaintance in the midst of a stately mass. There were some fashionable pilgrims, richly clad, kneeling before the images in the shrines, and some humbler ones in fixed devotion. When their prayers were recited they rose and went away. In other churches I saw not much larger congregations than in the cathedral of Paris. It is possibly better filled at times. The Madeleine is more attractive. At all hours troops of nuns, school-children, priests, and ladies may be seen climbing its long array of steps and attending its services. The exterior of the church is a graceful imitation of a Grecian temple, an imperfect copy of an indestructible model. Its columns are scarred with the shells and bullets of the Commune, and before it raged the worst struggles of that strange civil feud. Fires blazed along the Rue Royale in 1870; the shot and shell of the government troops rained upon the Madeleine; the barricades of the insurgents rose around it. Tranquillity has returned. To-day it is again the scene of religious rites, the centre of the Parisian flower-market, and of the Roman Catholic revival. But it seems certain that if the papal priests have labored for so many centuries in vain to purify and reform the people of Paris, they should at last permit some other influence to be exerted over them. The images, pictures, music, flowers, the pagan shrines and classic ritual, of the Madeleine and its fellow-churches have only kept alive the mediæval instincts of the Parisians. The priests are evidently not in unison with the feelings of the people. The latter massacre their spiritual advisers whenever they rise in revolt. I do not know that Protestant clergymen have ever been treated in this way. The interior of the Madeleine is tawdry and discolored with the smoke of numerous candles. Its images are commonplace and graceless, its paintings dull, its decorations tasteless. Only a Phidias or a Raphael could fill the Greek temple with figures worthy of worship; and Pericles must have smiled at the tall beadle with gilded truncheon and the mock processions that sweep up and down the crowded aisles of the modern Parthenon.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Indians are fighting in Texas. On July 12 Major Jones, with thirty-four men, fought a large war party of Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches in Lost Valley, Jack County, killing three and wounding three, and others, it is supposed, were killed and wounded among the rocks in the mountains. Major Jones lost two men killed and two wounded, and fifteen horses killed and wounded. The fight lasted three hours.

The Indiana Democratic State Convention met at Indianapolis July 15, Governor Hendricks presiding. J. E. Neff was nominated for Secretary of State and B. C. Shaw for Treasurer. Among the planks in the platform adopted is one in favor of paying the five-twenty bonds in greenbacks.

On the same day as that on which the Chicago conflagration occurred a disastrous fire broke out in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. The loss is over $1,000,000, and the insurance not more than one-sixth of that amount. The buildings destroyed were mostly dwellings.

A terrific thunder-storm and hurricane passed over the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, July 16. Church steeples and roofs were blown down, many private dwellings injured, hundreds of trees uprooted, and all the cellars flooded. The storm was the heaviest that Lowell has experienced for five-and-twenty years.

A dastardly attempt was made, July 16, to wreck and rob a pay car of the New York Central Railroad, containing $50,000, but the obstructions were seen in time to flag the car and prevent the outrage. The guilty parties fled.

Kate Stoddard, who is charged with having murdered Mr. Goodrich in Brooklyn several months ago, has been adjudged insane, and will accordingly be sent to an asylum.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French National Assembly, July 15. again rejected the financial project of M. Magne, Minister of Finance, and that officer immediately resigned his place. On the following day M. De Fourtov, Minister of the Interior, also resigned. The Committee of Thirty presented a constitutional bill of six clauses. The first maintains the title of President of the Republic; the second establishes ministerial responsibility; the third confers the legislative power upon two chambers, the appointment of members of the Upper House, or Senate, to be the subject of a future bill; the fourth provides that the President alone is authorized to dissolve the Lower House, or Chamber of Deputies; the fifth prescribes that a congress of both chambers shall provide for the continuance of the government in case Marshal M'Mahon dies, resigns, or reaches the end of his term of office; the sixth says that no modification of the constitutional laws is to be allowed unless first proposed by the President. The Assembly appointed Monday next for debate on the report.

It is reported in the Madrid journals that the Carlists have seized 1600 men, women, and children on the Cantabrian coast and in Biscay, who will be held as hostages, to be shot in case of an attack by the republicans. The Carlists have burned several houses in the suburbs of Cuenca, and killed many of the inhabitants.

Another great fire occurred in Constantinople, July 16, by which nearly 200 houses were destroyed. The loss will amount to $2,000,000 or more.

The Licensing Bill passed the British House of Lords July 17.

The governments of Austria and Russia have agreed to open negotiations with the Sublime Porte, looking to the recognition of Roumania by Turkey.

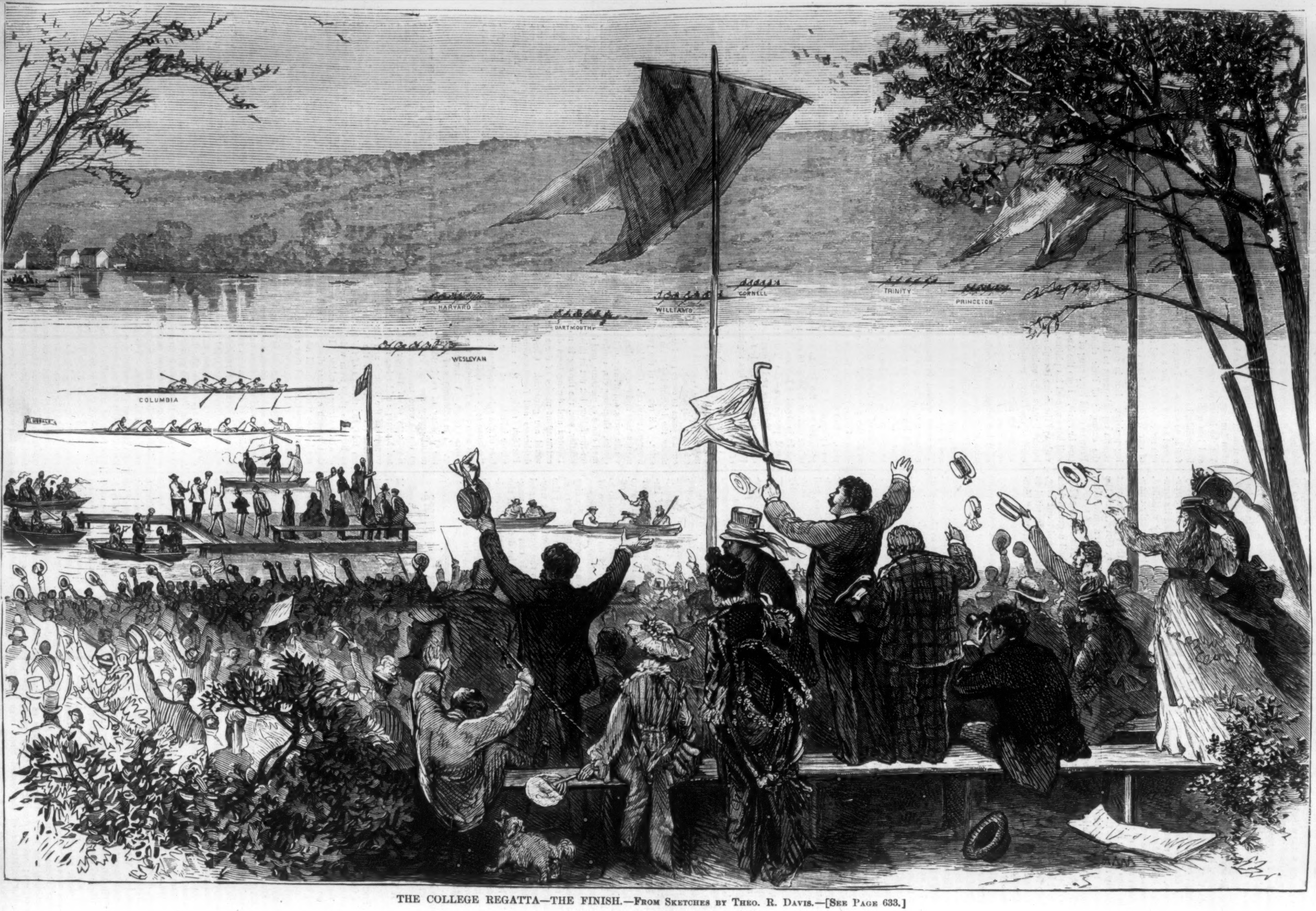
In the British House of Commons, July 16, Mr. Gladstone withdrew his resolution against the Public Worship Regulation Bill, in consideration of the unanimity of the vote in its favor on its second reading.

Mr. Albert Grant, Liberal-Conservative member of the British House of Commons for Kidderminster, has been unseated for corrupt practices in his electoral canvass.

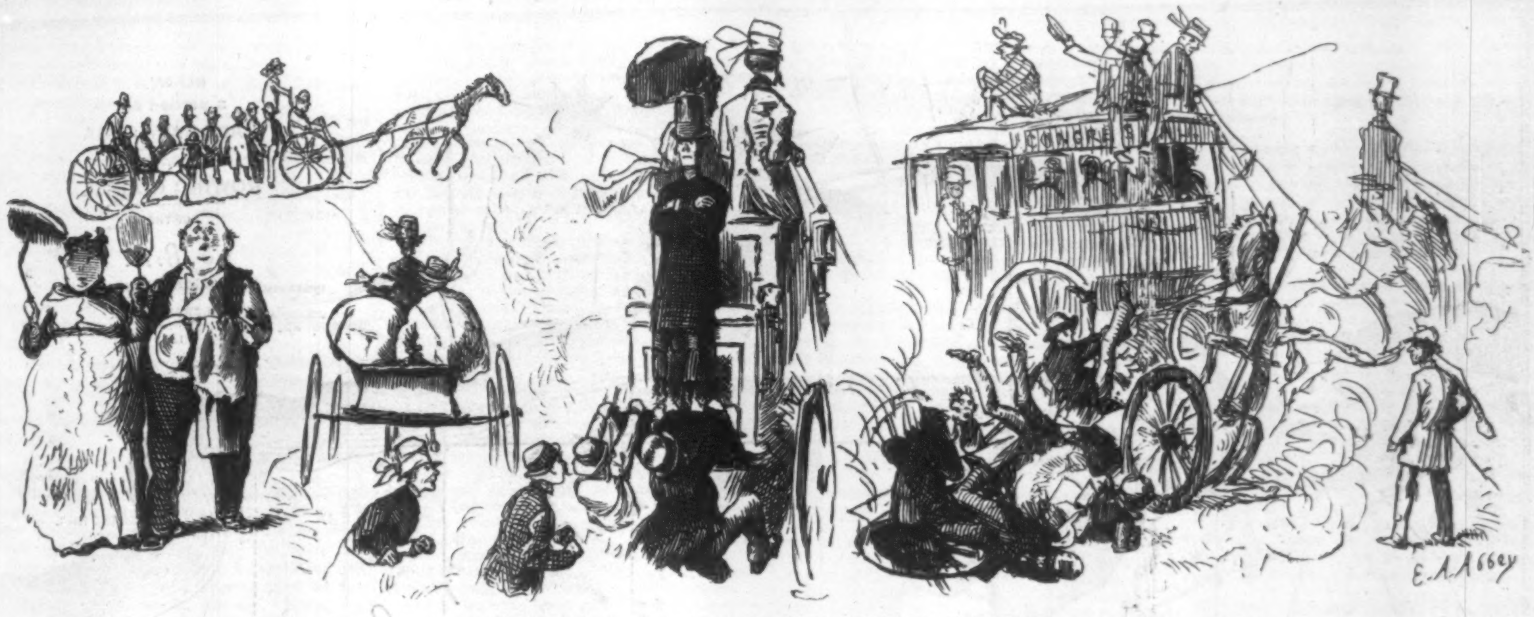
The Atlantic cable of 1865, which was broken some time ago, has been repaired, and is now in perfect working order.

A serious break occurred in a canal near Glasgow, Scotland, July 15, causing an overflow which damaged neighboring property to the amount of half a million dollars.

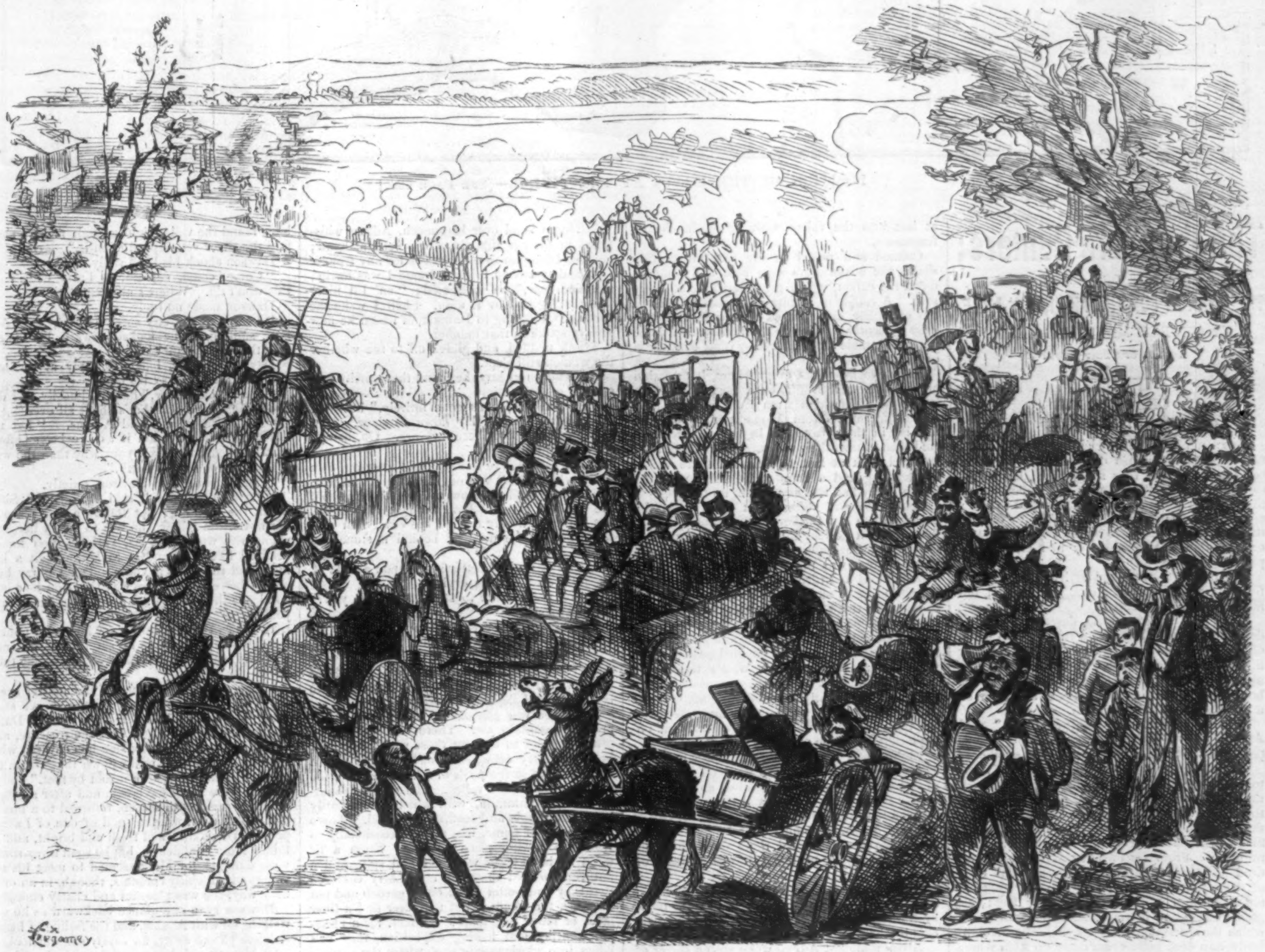
There are disastrous accounts from the Purneah district in India. The rain-fall there has been excessive, and the country is under water. The river Ganges is unusually high. The rain-fall around Calcutta has thus far been scanty, which causes apprehensions of a failure of the crops in that vicinity.


HARVARD
WILLIAMS
CORNELL
TRINITY
PRINCETON
DARTMOUTH
WESLEYAN
COLUMBIA

THE COLLEGE REGATTA—THE FINISH.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 633.]



THE COLLEGE REGATTA—ON THE ROAD TO THE LAKE.



THE COLLEGE REGATTA—RETURNING FROM THE LAKE.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

THE pleasure of the Inter-collegiate Regatta this year was marred by two disappointments, one of which might have been prevented by proper management on the part of the committee. The afternoon of July 16 was the time chosen for the grand race, and long before the hour appointed for the start the shores of the lake were thronged by thousands of enthusiastic spectators, who waited impatiently for the boom of the signal-gun. Every vehicle in Saratoga and the surrounding country was pressed into service, and the hack-men and farmers made the most of their opportunity. But as the hour named for the start drew near the wind became fresh, and so roughened the surface of the lake that it was considered imprudent for the light shells to venture out. After waiting until long beyond the starting hour, the race was reluctantly postponed until the following day. The committee made the mistake of fixing upon the same hour in the afternoon, instead of choosing an hour in the forenoon, when the lake is almost always as smooth as glass. The consequence was another postponement, on account of rough weather, until darkness put an end to all possibility of a race. Warned by two failures, the committee fixed upon ten o'clock Saturday morning as the hour for starting.

In consequence of these two postponements, there was very little interest manifested in the race on Saturday; and although the day was fair, and the lake smooth as a mirror, there were not more than fifteen thousand people present to witness the contest, and the shores of the lake wore a comparatively deserted appearance. A fair start was made at forty-six minutes after ten o'clock, all the boats getting off in good form; and after a most gallant and exciting race, Columbia came in the winner in 16 minutes 42 seconds. Close behind came the Wesleyans, in 16.50; the other boats in the order indicated in the map on the next page. There was an unfortunate collision between the Yale and the Harvard boats, in which the former lost her rudder and broke an oar. It is yet undecided where the blame lies; but the bitter feeling manifested by both crews can not be too strongly regretted. By this accident Yale was thrown out of the race. The excitement of the crowd as the winning boat crossed the line was indescribable. The whole concourse of spectators rose on tiptoe, and cheer upon cheer went up, while the fellow-collegians and the backers of the winning crew manifested their delight by flinging up their hats, waving handkerchiefs, and cheering.

The names of the winning crew are as follows:

Stroke.—B. F. REES, New York city; age, 20; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 153 pounds.

2. R. C. CORNELL, New York; age, 21; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 171 pounds.

3. EDWARD S. RAPALLO, New York; age, 21; height, 6 feet; weight, 158 pounds.

4. G. GRISWOLD, New York; age, 18; height, 6 feet; weight, 158 pounds.

5. J. T. GOODWIN, New York; age, 24; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 157 pounds.

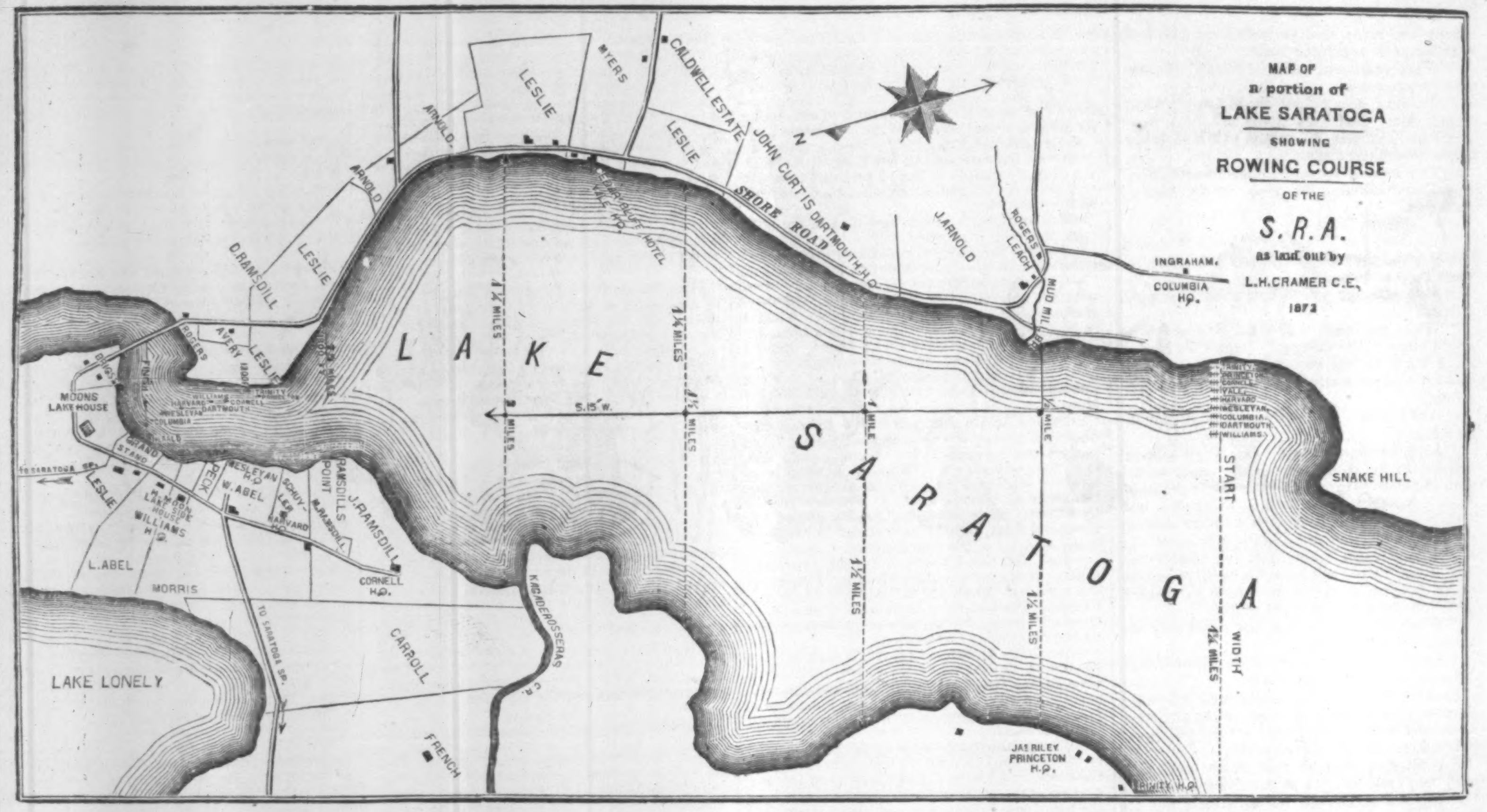
Bow.—P. TIMPSON, New York; age, 22; height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 158 pounds.

Averages.—Of weight, 159 pounds; of height, 5 feet 10⅔ inches; of age, 21.

Columbia's boat is newly built, by FEARON; 49½ feet long, 21 inches wide; weighs 145 pounds. The racing dress consists of blue tights and white handkerchiefs.

The Freshman race between the Yale, Brown, and Princeton crews took place about half past five Wednesday afternoon, July 15. It was a spirited and exciting contest. The rival crews were plucky and well trained, and when half-way over the course, it was impossible to say which would win. At the two-mile flag-boat, however, Princeton began to gain perceptibly, and had the advantage in steering. A quarter of a mile more and Princeton's superior steering, combined with a brilliant spurt, sent her to the front, and it was bow and bow between her and Yale. The Brown crew were apparently somewhat demoralized. Their stroke became ragged, and a quarter of a mile from the finish they were evidently out of the race. Princeton and Yale kept up a gallant struggle; but at the last Princeton shot ahead of her antagonist, and won by one-third of a length. The official time was 18 minutes 12¼ seconds; distance, three miles.

The two-mile race for single sculls followed the Freshman race. The entries were EDWARD L. PHILLIPS, Cornell; ANSLEY WILCOX, Yale; and A. L. DEVENS, Harvard, who took positions in the order named from the east shore, but a mile further northward than in the three-mile race. The contest was animated, and was won by WILCOX in 14 minutes 12¼ seconds.



POSITION OF THE BOATS AT THE FINISH.—[See Page 633.]

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "Ship Ahoy!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE SILVER FIND.

The same feeling existed in both young men, namely, one of intense disappointment. They had found the spot they sought for; but as far as they could see there was not an indication of the precious metal that they had hoped to find; and Dawson felt ready at any time to declare that the old man's notions had been visionary, or else that a luckier party had cleared the place.

But now that they had arrived, Adams was for a thorough search, although he dared not hope for success.

The place was exactly as described—a long, deep, mountain valley, with a rift or cañon going off at right angles from a sharp corner, and four hundred paces down this rift a cascade falling about a hundred feet to sink at once into the bowels of the earth, and re-appear a quarter of a mile farther down the cañon.

"There can be no doubt about it," said Adams, "and—don't look dull, man—if one part of the description is right, why not another?"

It was one sheer climb over fragments of rocks to get along the cañon, but as they progressed, the dull roar they had heard from the time of their entry kept increasing, till, turning a corner, they came in full view of a scene whose grandeur made them pause for a time in wonder and admiration. From far up—certainly fully a hundred feet—curved over the perpendicular edge of the cañon, a huge column of water that fell unbroken into a chasm below their feet; one great plunge and it was gone into depths from which the spectator drew back shivering involuntarily, as a deep hollow roar came up from where all was wild chaos. But the silver stream of water still fell smoothly down in the same slight graceful curve, and after gazing at it for a while, Adams said, "Surely that's the silver of which your old friend spoke?"

"We'll hope not," said Dawson; "but I propose a pipe here in this soft, moist, mossy place. The air with its spray seems life-giving after all that dry desert work, and somehow I feel a sort of flinching on me."

"Yes," said Adams, sitting down on a rock, "you feel like I do; if we are to come upon vast treasures, you would rather put off the sensation for a while; and if we are to be disappointed, you would rather not be disappointed at present."

"Exactly," was the reply; and the young men sat and smoked, discussing the bearings of their position. The whole instruction given to Dawson was devoted to making him find this particular valley and rift, but in the vast rocky desert it was taken for granted that, once there, all difficulties would be at an end; but though nature works slowly, in forty or fifty years her face alters in a region where there are mighty snow-storms and rushing torrents, where huge rocks are split high up on the mountain-side, and fall bounding from crag to crag, and falling at last into the valley with an avalanche of fragments.

Calmed and rested in the pleasant cooling shade, the adventurers soon rose and went on down the cañon, which grew narrower at every step. A couple of hundred feet above them the top on either side seemed to match, and they were evidently walking in the bottom of a huge crack in a table-land, formed by some convulsion of nature.

Rocks, rocks, rocks, every where, but no sign of metallic wealth. They were armed with hammers, with which from time to time they split off fragments from the sides, or broke pieces that lay in their way; but beyond a thread of gold seen in one, their toil was in vain, and they tramped back at last, to find that there was a fire burning and a comfortable meal prepared where Larry had temporarily set up the tent.

Here rest and refreshment gave them the needful force for further investigation. And, first of all, a perfect little natural fortress was chosen in the brightest position of the valley, and here the tent was regularly pitched, the mules were hobbled and turned loose to graze upon the patches of grass and small shrubs which seemed to abound; there was good water close at hand, bubbling along between the stones, evidently the melted snow from where, far up and miles away, glimpses could be seen of silvered peaks, white with eternal snow, though where they were camping it was hot summer.

Larry was indefatigable—building up, unpacking, seeing to the mules, fetching water, and helping to cook, while the adventurers went off exploring, this time along the valley.

Night came without result, and then, weary as they were, the three men went off on a tour of inspection, to satisfy themselves as to the necessity for keeping watch, and they came back decided that there was no such need. Away in the wild desert, it seemed as if the foot of man might never again tread there for a thousand years; and as to watching, it was a waste of energy.

Arrangements having then been made, the adventurous party lay down to rest, to be lulled by the faint roar of the cataract borne to their ears by the soft, cool, night air.

About midnight Adams woke with a shiver of dread. His wife was sleeping peaceably, and, listening, he could just hear the faint breathing of Mary, to whom had been apportioned the tent. He rose softly, thrust revolver and knife into his belt, and taking his rifle stepped softly out, to find all darkness. There were a few stars twinkling out of what seemed a vast black expanse; there was the hollow roar of the cascade, and once the noise of a stone falling from far up the valley side to rattle down into the ravine.

Nothing to fear, apparently; so, throwing his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he stepped out of their little camp to make a tour of inspection before lying down once more.

He walked softly down the slope, peering here and there, and after going some little distance, satisfied himself that all was right, and began to retrace his steps, when, to his horror, he could just make out through the obscurity the figure of an armed man evidently watching the little camp. He was coming cautiously up from below; and had Adams been a moment later, they must have come in contact. As it was, they had just missed meeting, and stooping down, Adams crept along under the shadow of block after block till he reached the particular soft stone chosen by Larry for his pillow.

Laying a hand over his mouth, Adams whispered in his ear that there was peril at hand; and the Irishman rose up, ready for any fray.

"Bud it was an illigant drame I was havin', masther dear," he whispered; "an' I'll niver find the fag-end ov it agin. Shall I wake the captain?" alluding to Dawson, of whom he now always spoke in that manner.

Frank nodded, and glided off to see whether the women still slept.

Returning to Larry, he found that worthy in a state of consternation.

"Sure the captain's gone intirely," he said; "he ain't where he lay down to slape. Bud look out, yer honor, here they are. Oh, bedad, it's the captain!"

"I'm glad you're awake," said Dawson, in a hasty whisper. "We ought to have watched; there's a scoundrel below there prowling about the valley. I might have brought him down, but I did not like to fire. I did cover him with my rifle, but he dropped behind a stone and made off."

"I think we had better agree upon a code of signals," said Adams, dryly.

"You don't mean to say that it was you?" said Dawson.

"Indeed, but I suppose I may. I woke up and thought I'd have a look round," said Adams.

"Well, but I felt uneasy, and did the very same thing," said Dawson; and after a laugh at their mutual blunder, the young men once more lay down, and slept till daybreak.

Existence was glorious up in the pure exhilarating mountain air. There was no lack of provisions, for to eke out those which they had brought, Larry caught an abundance of fish, a kind of trout, in the pools of a little stream some two miles down the valley. His tackle consisted of a tin pannikin, with which he patiently baled out a hole and secured his spoil. There was a herd of game, too, to fall occasionally to Dawson's fowling-piece or rifle. From a fir wood at hand poles were cut and split, and a hut run up and thatched, and Larry declared that they had better mark out a garden and put in seeds, for where would they ever find a finer place or fewer neighbors? In fact, for a pleasant hunting and fishing expedition, they had fallen into glorious quarters, where the climate was splendid, with no extremes; and when, weary, of an evening Dawson lay down on a couch of fir branches covered with a rug, and smoked and watched Mary at a short distance, sitting working, perhaps by her sister, he felt that he should be satisfied if such a life might be his forever—to go on wandering by day, and dreaming out his existence there of an evening in that land of glorious lights and shadows and golden sunsets.

But in spite of all searching there was no trace of that of which they had come in search; and Dawson was ready at any time to give up and own that they had been deceived.

He was sitting with Adams one glorious evening after a long and arduous inspection of the valley in a new direction. They had partaken of the evening meal, and from time to time their eyes rested upon the two women sitting working together, Mrs. Adams occasionally singing a snatch of a song in a low sweet voice, while Larry was busily fitting a tin pannikin at the end of a light fir pole, evidently for what he called "deludherin' the fish"—the said "deludherin'" being depriving them of their native element.

"I'm afraid I've sold you, Adams," said Dawson at last. "I've been a great fool."

"I don't see it," said Adams, warmly. "We have found the valley right enough, and we shall find the silver yet, depend upon it."

Dawson shook his head sadly.

"Come, come, captain, as Larry calls you, this won't do. Where's all your spirit?"

Dawson made no reply.

"I can give a pretty shrewd guess," said Adams, smiling, as he looked toward his sister. "Is the lady distant?"

Dawson started, looked sharply at Adams, and then turned away his head.

"Frank, old fellow," he said, huskily, "I did at one time hope, but that's about all over."

"Nonsense, man," said Adams. "Let me tell you now, cold upon it as I've been before, that I'd sooner see Mary your wife than the wife of any man upon this earth."

"Thank you," said Dawson, quietly.

"Look here, man," said Adams. "She's worth the winning; but there's a sore place in her heart. A fellow who was to marry her, and whom she worshiped, as, perhaps, you know, behaved like a scoundrel to her. Wait a bit, man, and the prize is yours. Don't hurry her, but let her see in a quiet way that you love her, and leave the rest. I know my sister better than you."

It was as though fresh vigor had been poured into Dawson's veins, as he sat there silent and watchful, and then Adams went on about their quest.

"I'm getting more sure of the matter every day," he said, "and if we keep it up we shall stumble upon the silver. Depend upon it, Dame Nature has set to work to hide the treasure, and some slip from the valley side has covered what once cropped out. I'm for down that cañon to-morrow, and we'll search it foot by foot."

They were up at daybreak, and after a couple of hours' uneventful search, returned to a breakfast of grilled trout, the spoil of one of Larry's pools. Dawson looked fresh and bright, and he talked more confidently, but he went away somewhat damped, for Mary seemed to meet his advances with a chilly coldness, though, in an ordinary way, she was pleasant and chatty enough.

Dawson gave one glance backward as he was walking off with Adams, and the feeling of heart-sickness passed away, for surely she was looking after him, though her eyes fell on the instant.

"Now, lad," said the young man, joyfully, clapping Adams on the shoulder, "what's it to be now, the cañon or—"

"What is Larry making those signals for?" said Adams; and he pointed to where Larry, with his fishing-tackle in one hand, his stick in the other, was standing about a hundred yards down the valley, and waving his stick for them to join him.

"Let's go that way, and try up the little ravine after we've spoken to him. I mean the little rift off to the right, where there seems to have been a slip of rocks."

Adams nodded, and in a few minutes they had joined Larry.

"I didn't want to frecken the ladies," said Larry, mysteriously; "bud this mornin', afther I took up the fish, I wint pokin' about wid me shtick, for, sez I, 'Larry, me boy, ye might find the silver mine as well as any other man.'"

"Exactly—go on, Larry."

"Well, yer honor, I wint on till I thought I'd turn up that little bit ov a shplit like a young valley growin' out ov this big wan. I don't mane the big cannon, as ye call it, where the wather boils over, bud this little dacent vale here."

The young men exchanged glances.

"Well, yer honor, I wint pokin' up there among the rocks that ye walk over, like a fly over lumps ov sugar in a basin."

"When you found traces of silver?" exclaimed Dawson, eagerly.

"Oh, did I, bedad?" exclaimed Larry; "I jist didn't, thin. Bud I found a hole."

"Pish!" exclaimed Dawson, in a tone of disappointment and disgust.

"Ye may well say so, Misther Dawson, Sor," said Larry, lowering his voice. "An' wasn't I freckened!"

"Frightened?"

"Yis, Sor, for, 'Oh, Larry,' I sez to mesilf, 'ye've found the ould gintleman's own place, an' there he is at home.'"

"Now what are you talking about?" laughed Adams.

"Whist, yer honor, wait a bit. There was no doubt about it, for though I couldn't see him at all, I knew he was snoozin' there in the warm mornin' sun, jist inside the door, afther bein' busy all night."

"And how did you know that, Larry?" laughed Adams.

"Sure, yer honor, there was his tail a-layin' outside on the stones, for all the world as I'd seen it hundreds ov times at home in pictures. Well, yer honor, I was horribly freckened, bud I thought I'd niver have such a chance agin at the ould inimy, so I sez a bit ov a pater an' ave as Father Doolan taught me, an', 'Larry, me boy,' I sez, 'if ye can't hit at his head, ye can hit at his tail,' an' I up wid me shtick an' crack I gives him jist wan across the back."

"Why, you said just now you could only see his tail," laughed Adams.

"Sure I meant the back ov his tail—an' that did him, yer honor," said Larry.

Leading the way, the young men followed, clambering over rocks till they entered a narrow vale; and here, hanging over a bush that grew out of a crevice, was a dead snake.

"What d'ye think ov that for the ould sarpint, Sor?" said Larry, with a twinkle of his eye. "Didn't it look like his tail as it hung out ov that hole?" he said, pointing to a little hollow running into the side of the rift. "Look at the shting at the end ov it, Sor."

"It's a rattlesnake, Larry," said Dawson, looking at the reptile. "That's its rattle."

"Ye may call it a rattle, Sor, bud I calls it a shting. Bud what's the masther doin'?"

"Come here, Dawson," said Adams, who had gone on a hundred yards or so, and was turning over the rough blocks which floored the valley, and seemed to have crumbled down from the sides.

"What is it?" exclaimed Dawson, hurrying to him, for his companion had spoken in a husky voice.

"What's this, and this, and this?" said Adams, hoarsely, as he dragged at a dull, blackish-looking block, evidently of immense weight, though of no great size.

"At last!" exclaimed Dawson, with a joyful cry, as he threw himself upon his knees and helped Adams to heave up a block of native metal.

"They've gone mad," muttered Larry, rubbing his chin. "Why, I sat on that very bit this mornin'—not an hour ago. Look at that, now! An'— Ah, arrah! Take care, masther dear!"

He shouted warning after warning, but the danger was already seen, Dawson and Adams darting from their prize at one and the same moment; for in tearing up the silver block they had thrown aside stone after stone, and disturbed what seemed to be a nest of rattlesnakes, one of which, while the others glided off, coiled itself up on a piece of rock, and threw its head back to strike.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

MR. RICHARD HENRY HORNE has been awarded a small pension by the British government. His principal literary production is the poem of *Orion*. He was educated at the British Military College at Sandhurst, and afterward entered the Mexican navy as a midshipman, and was in active service until the close of the war between Mexico and Spain. His *Orion* was published for a *farthing*, an odd device intended as a sarcasm upon the low estimation into which the author thought epic poetry had fallen. Nevertheless he was a poet—"in a Horne."

—Mr. H. M. STANLEY, whose *Coomassie and Magdala* is having a large sale, has received fresh vindication, new letters from LIVINGSTONE having come to light, including one in which he says that STANLEY'S arrival and generosity in dividing his clothing with him, and his kind attentions in cooking some nice food for him, undoubtedly saved his life at the time.

—Mr. JOHN RUSKIN is a peculiar man, pervaded by dignity. Not any patting on the back for him. All England and the colonies are aghast at his declining the gold medal which the Royal Institute of British Architects annually presents to some distinguished person. The Queen presents the medal, or rather "approves" of the person named by the Institute, and Mr. RUSKIN'S "No, I thank you," has paralyzed the feelings of the upholders of the monarchy.

—Mr. A. HAYWARD, of San Francisco, keeps it up handsomely by sending a check for $30,000 to the St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York—the former home of SILAS WRIGHT. This makes $55,000 which the university has received within a month, and $120,000 within the last fifteen months.

—THOMAS C. T. BUCKLEY, who died at Geneseo, New York, on the 12th of July, was among the ablest and most successful lawyers of this city. Twenty-seven years ago he became one of the firm of PLATT, GERARD, & BUCKLEY, and from that day to the present has been in constant practice in our courts. He was a lawyer in the highest and best sense of the word. In the trial of causes his ability and acuteness, his legal acumen and strong sense, added to readiness, wit, logical power, and clearness in statement, secured for him the influence and success which such qualities always secure with courts and with juries. Besides this he was a thorough gentleman. His courtesy and kind-heartedness were proverbial, and among the cultivated and witty he was always a most acceptable companion. The bar of New York numbered not among its members one more universally esteemed.

—Mr. GÉRÔME, France's principal painter, has been on a friendly visit to the King of Holland. His Majesty wanted to have a pleasant time and talk paint with a gentleman who could converse and put on color.

—JULES JANIN is said to have died in the same chair in which BÉRANGER died.

—Colonel ROBERT TYLER is likely to be chosen Chancellor of the Georgia State University.

—The youthful Yankee enters upon his career with the determination to overcome the embarrassments that followed the amiable Mr. Wilkins Micawber, whose start in the world is succinctly stated by himself: "*Talent* I have; *capital* I have not." Capital, to the New Englander, is deemed essential to comfort. We are therefore not surprised to learn that a Dartmouth College student, who is to enter the Divinity School at Cambridge next autumn, is now head waiter at one hotel, and others from the same college are porters and servants in the Ammonoosuc Valley. School-teachers, who think it not unladylike, are scattered through the fashionable hotels in the mountains, helping the weary traveler to the comforting coffee, the pleasing potato, the beneficial bean, and the perfect pancake. Such is the vivacity of the New England character.

—Hon. GEORGE BROWN, of Toronto, for more than a quarter of a century a leading member of the Canadian press, and a leading man in the Canadian Parliament, is to be made a baronet by Queen VICTORIA for his services at Washington on the reciprocity negotiation.

—Mr. JOHN ANDERSON says he is ready to give $50,000 to the Penikese School, in addition to what he has already given, if other persons will contribute $200,000 more. And it would be a Solace to Mr. ANDERSON if the matter could be arranged early.

—The Boston *Advertiser* is quite commendatory of Governor DIX'S recent oration as Honorary Chancellor of Union College, saying that "the exalted range of thought, the finished style, and the handsome delivery are qualities that seem to have made a profound impression upon all who listened to it." After alluding to incidents in the civil and military career of General DIX, the writer adds: "Throughout this long, active career, seemingly devoid of leisure, he has kept vigorous his fondness for literature and classical studies, written several books, and shown on many occasions the proofs of profound intellectual culture. In the thick of the war, while commandant at an important post, he made a translation of the *Dies Iræ* into verse, which is counted among the best of the many attempts to render in our language the majesty and sentiment of that grand hymn. The other day he left his office in Albany and went to Union College to deliver an oration on classical studies which charmed all hearers. It was delivered without a note or apparent fault of memory, and with a quiet force of eloquent declamation that is spoken of as something nearly perfect in an artistic sense. He is one of the conspicuous examples in our country of the beneficent influences in public affairs of faculties trained in scholarship."

—Of the veteran journalist, Mr. WEED, the Rev. JUSTIN D. FULTON says: "There is no more beautiful sight than to see an old man, ripe in honor and rich in fame, surrounded on every side by evidences of love, respected by the community in which he dwells, and honored wherever the history of his country is known. Such is the happy lot of the Hon. THURLOW WEED. For more than half a century he has been the prime mover in the political world. Governors have been elected, Senators have been made, and politicians great and small have been helped by the generous old man. We seem even now to see his kindly face in the Albany dépôt waiting in the storm for some former friend who has announced his purpose to arrive by such a train. He greets him with a brother's grasp of friendship. Who can forget his appearance in the editorial room of the *Journal*, where with his hand he would wave aside a Governor or a Senator, but would stop for a fugitive slave, and see that he was fed, clothed, and started for Canada? His love for friends is the distinguishing feature of his life."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Saturday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 2.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 9.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 16.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 23.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE attempt made by a Roman Catholic fanatic to murder Prince BISMARCK revives the recollection of the two famous assassinations of modern history by men of like stamp. WILLIAM the Silent was killed in his own house by a pistol-shot at the hand of BALTHASAR GÉRARD, a tool of PHILIP II. of Spain, and HENRY IV. of France was stabbed in his carriage by FRANCIS RAVAILLAC just as he was about to take the field at the head of an anti-papal league. It is remarkable that this assassination was effected immediately after the coronation of his queen, who was in the Catholic interest.

The attempt on BISMARCK was made by EDWARD KULLMAN, of Magdeburg, a member of a Catholic union. The prince was in his carriage, and was struck by the ball in the hand just as he was about to touch his hat in returning a salute of the people. KULLMAN was at once arrested and committed to prison. He declares that the attempt was made without the instigation of any one. It is to be hoped that this is true. Assassination has not proved to be a profitable method of controversy either to ecclesiastical or political partisans.

The Fraternal Camp-Meeting of the Methodists at Round Lake, New York, has proved a great success. Of bishops there were present JANES and SIMPSON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; KAVANAUGH and DOGGETT, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; CAMPBELL, of the African Methodist Church; and CLINTON, of the African Zion Church. Dr. ANSON GREEN and the Rev. Dr. LACHLAN TAYLOR represented the Wesleyan Methodists of Canada, the Rev. A. CLARK and Governor PIERPONT the Methodist Protestants, and the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH DARE the Wesleyans of Australia. The meeting grew day by day until it reached the great number of 20,000 persons. These were subdivided into several congregations, and on one of the days as many as seventeen sermons were preached.

Lord RADSTOCK'S mission in Berlin was not as successful as that in St. Petersburg. In the former city the American chapel was placed at his disposal, and after one service the people quite deserted him. The New York *Observer's* correspondent explains the failure thus: "Take away the 'lord,' and there was nothing left but a second-rate lay exhorter, whose desultory harangues would soon be voted a bore in any weekly prayer-meeting in New York."

The eleventh annual Convocation of the Free Church of England was held in London June 23, 24. The opening address of the president was on sacerdotalism, and was greatly approved by the members. Union with the Reformed Episcopal Church in America was unanimously agreed to. It was proposed to adopt a prayer-book and hymnal for the common use of both churches. In this Church bishops and presbyters are acknowledged to be of the same order: a bishop of the whole body is constituted by simple election. The Convocation was composed of forty presbyters and one hundred laymen, who rank as deacons. England and Wales are divided, for the purposes of the Church, into fifty-two districts and five dioceses.

The fuller accounts show that the riots attending and following the celebration of the anniversary of the Pope's coronation, on Sunday, June 21, were very serious. On that day an immense throng assembled at St. Peter's Church to celebrate a *Te Deum*. After its close the Pope (who was not present at the celebration) was seen at a window of the Vatican by the retiring crowd. There was at once an outbreak of excitement, and the plaza resounded with the cries of *Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa Re!* and *Sia benedetto!* As the cry "Live the Pope our King" is seditious, the people were dispersed by soldiers. Several arrests were made, and the day closed amidst much excitement. On the evening of the 24th a counter demonstration was made by the liberals of the city. A military band played national airs on the Piazza Colonna in the presence of a large assemblage. At last a stentorian voice exclaimed, *Al Vaticano!* and the cry was taken up by many. Two thousand persons left the Piazza Colonna and marched to the Vatican. They held lighted torches, and shouted under the Pope's windows, *Abbassi il Vaticano! Abbassino i pellegrinaggi! Viva Garibaldi! Abbassino le chiese! Morte ai preti!* and *Morte ai clericali!*

After a time this mob was dispersed, as that of June 21 had been.

Surprise has been expressed in some quarters that the Swiss Old Catholics, at their recent Conference in Berne, manifested decidedly radical tendencies. There was a strong disposition shown to abolish both the title and office of bishop, and this point was finally conceded, mainly out of deference to Father HYACINTHE. The title "Christian Catholics" was substituted for that of "Old Catholics." Provision was made, however, for the removal of an unfaithful bishop by his council. The meeting was composed of nearly eighty delegates from Basle, Berne, Geneva, St. Gall, Lucerne, Soleure, and Zurich.

Attentive observers of the recent history of Old Catholicism in Switzerland will not be unprepared for these developments. From the beginning the Swiss reformation has been more progressive than that of Germany. It is more entirely in the hands of laymen, and is less guided by the counsels of accomplished scholars. In the convention held at Olten, August 31, 1873, the Swiss Old Catholics adopted the following draft of needed reforms: The use in worship of the language of the people; the suppression of all fees for religious services, especially masses; the prohibition of Peter-pence; the reduction of confraternities, pilgrimages, and image-worship; civil marriage; the secularization of cemeteries; and the establishment of undenominational schools. In the preface to the French liturgy now used in Geneva this language is found: "It even seems doubtful, if we confine ourselves to the precise words of the Roman mass, as they stand to-day, whether the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ is designated in it as a sacrifice, for the expression 'oblation' relates really to the (unconsecrated) gifts of bread and wine offered to the Church by the faithful."

At the elevation of the host, the following foot-note is added in the same liturgy: "It is important to remark that the adoration which takes place after the consecration is addressed, not to the bread and wine, but to Jesus Christ, who has become thenceforth mysteriously and really present in the sacrament."

It is very clear from these facts that the Swiss Old Catholics are determined upon a very thorough reformation, and may pass to the extreme of radicalism.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY summer thousands of pale, puny children languish in the close, heated rooms of city tenement-houses until they pine away and die from mere lack of fresh air and nutrition, or become the ready prey of acute diseases. Diphtheria, cholera infantum, and kindred complaints enter freely into the abodes of poverty and uncleanliness. With the hope of lessening mortality among children, St. John's Guild, a well-known volunteer organization, has adopted many vigorous measures, which seem likely to be attended with the best results. Among other judicious measures for relieving the sick poor, the use of a barge or floating hospital has been secured, which will make frequent excursions upon the bay or river. Sick children with their mothers will thus have the opportunity of breathing fresh air, enjoying change of scene, while wholesome food will be supplied them, and the attendance of careful and skillful physicians. Such efforts to mitigate the sufferings of the pinched and pallid children of poverty will appeal to every kind heart; and St. John's Guild believe that the charitable will not withhold their aid.

The universal canine scare has developed numerous remedies for preventing hydrophobia, or treating it when it appears. Some of these are the vapor bath, a strong galvanic current, caustic, saleratus, morphine, suction, chloride of lime, hydrochloric acid, and so forth. But the most certain prevention of hydrophobia yet suggested is *no dogs*.

Round Lake Camp-Meeting sent some delegates to visit Saratoga on a recent Saturday night. They were to spend the Sabbath, not being officially appointed. One of them was a good old lady who had a mingled horror and admiration of the extravagance and splendor of that fashionable resort. The crowded piazzas of the Grand Central, the United States, the Union, and Congress Hall burst upon her astonished sight, and the music of the bands entranced her ear. Amazed and puzzled, yet evidently struggling against the pleasure inspired by the whole scene, the good soul exclaimed, "What a sin and shame! It looks like heaven!"

The great East River Bridge is still going upward—at least the towers are. The Brooklyn tower has reached an elevation of over 220 feet above high-water mark. The New York tower is 123 feet high.

Cool place is Buckland, Massachusetts. On June 4 the citizens gathered around a snow-bank and feasted on hot maple-sugar. "Snow-bank" sounds refreshing; but "hot maple-sugar"—oh no!

Thousands of people were sorely disappointed that clouds and showers obscured Coggia so many evenings when they hoped to have a good view of the strange visitor. But every body has improved each clear evening in gazing into the northwestern sky.

Middlefield Valley escaped ruin on the bursting of the reservoirs in consequence of the physical features of the country. But is the lesson of the disaster less plain than if the results had been as fatal as in Mill River Valley?

Many of our country readers, who do not see the full accounts of the children's excursions which appear in the city daily papers, will be interested in some details concerning this successful charity. About 1850 children participated in the second excursion of the season. The commodious barge *Chicago* afforded ample accommodations, and, amidst music from the band and songs from the happy young folks, conveyed all safely to Oriental Grove. Lunches were freely distributed; there were sports and games in the grove, bathing, and plenty of fun. Every child was happy, at a cost of less than forty cents apiece. The expenses for the day were as follows:

Barge and tug	$130 00	Ice-cream, milk, and ice	$125 20
Row-boats	10 00	Citric acid	5 60
Printing	15 25	Coffee and tea	3 90
Lemons	10 50	Band, and Punch and Judy	65 00
Sugar	21 00	Medicines	1 80
Labor	6 00	Steward's stores	13 35
Steward and waiters	46 00	Wharfage	2 00
Carpenter-work	17 45	Petty cash	17 29
Cartage	7 50		
Bread, cake, and meats	195 00	Total	$692 84

Diphtheria has been more than usually prevalent in New York and vicinity during the past year. Its fearful ravages among children have caused much alarm in the community, for it has invaded the mansions of the rich as well as the hovels of the poor. Physicians say that cleanliness, fresh air, and pure water are the best preventives of this disease. Indeed, if only the most scrupulous attention were paid to cleanliness of person and of premises, sickness would be diminished one-half.

A London girl recently performed the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours.

Agnes Strickland, well known as a writer of numerous works, recently died, at the age of sixty-eight. She was born in Suffolk, England, and developed her literary tastes at a very early age. Her historical works, particularly *The Queens of England* and *The Queens of Scotland*, became at once popular, and have never ceased to interest readers of English history. The materials for these works were chiefly obtained by researches into old French and Italian manuscripts found in the British Museum.

Among the general regulations of the Round Lake camp ground were the following:

"No smoking of tobacco in the tents, or within the circle.

"A light should be kept burning in each tent during the night.

"The occupants of each tent, upon retiring for the night, should place, or cause to be placed, a pail of water at or near the front or rear entrance of their tent, so that the same may be easy of access in case of fire.

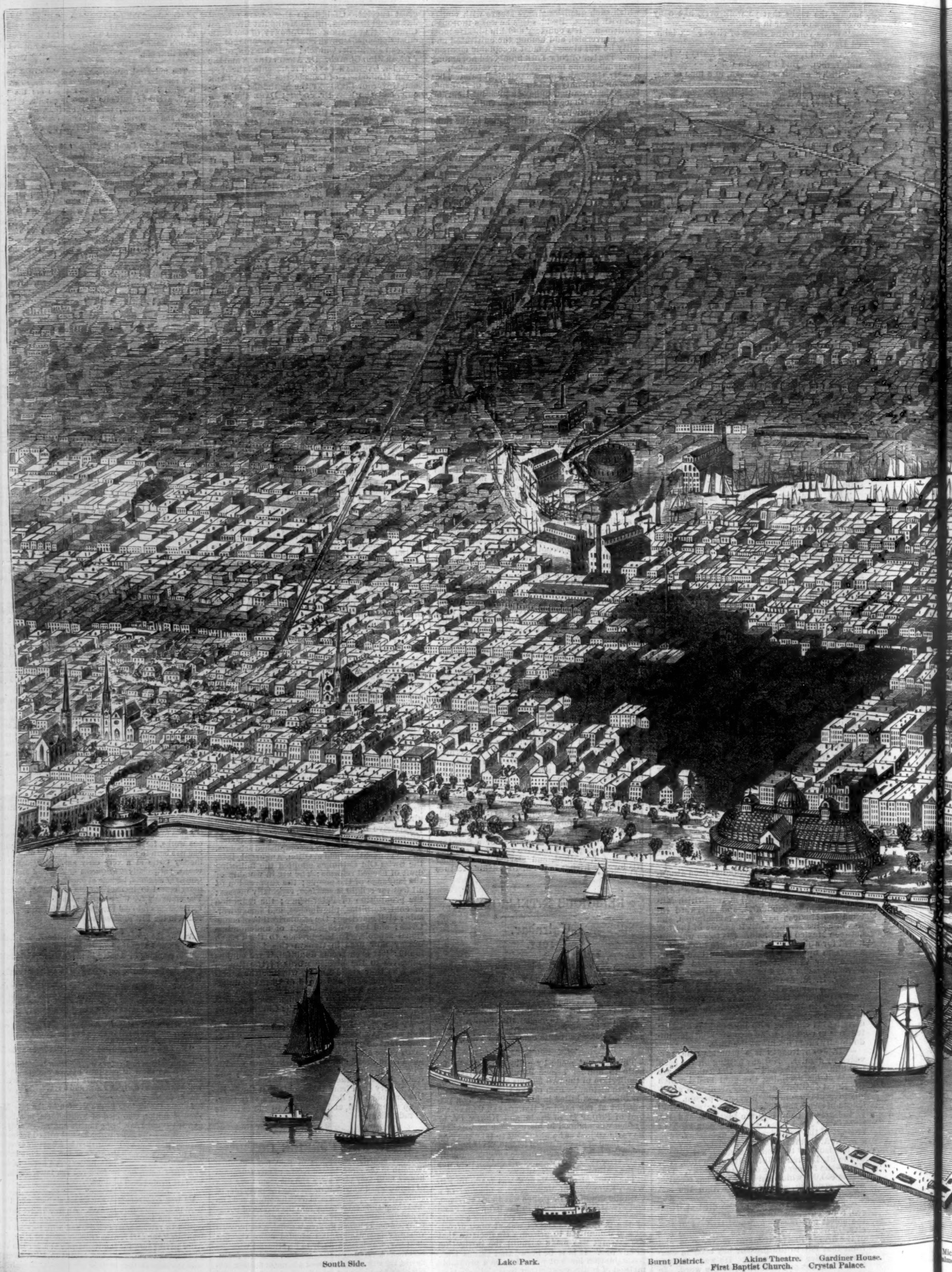
"Every tent's company should see that at least one of their number is left in charge of the tent at all times, both day and night, to guard it.

"No fires will be allowed so near the trees as to injure them.

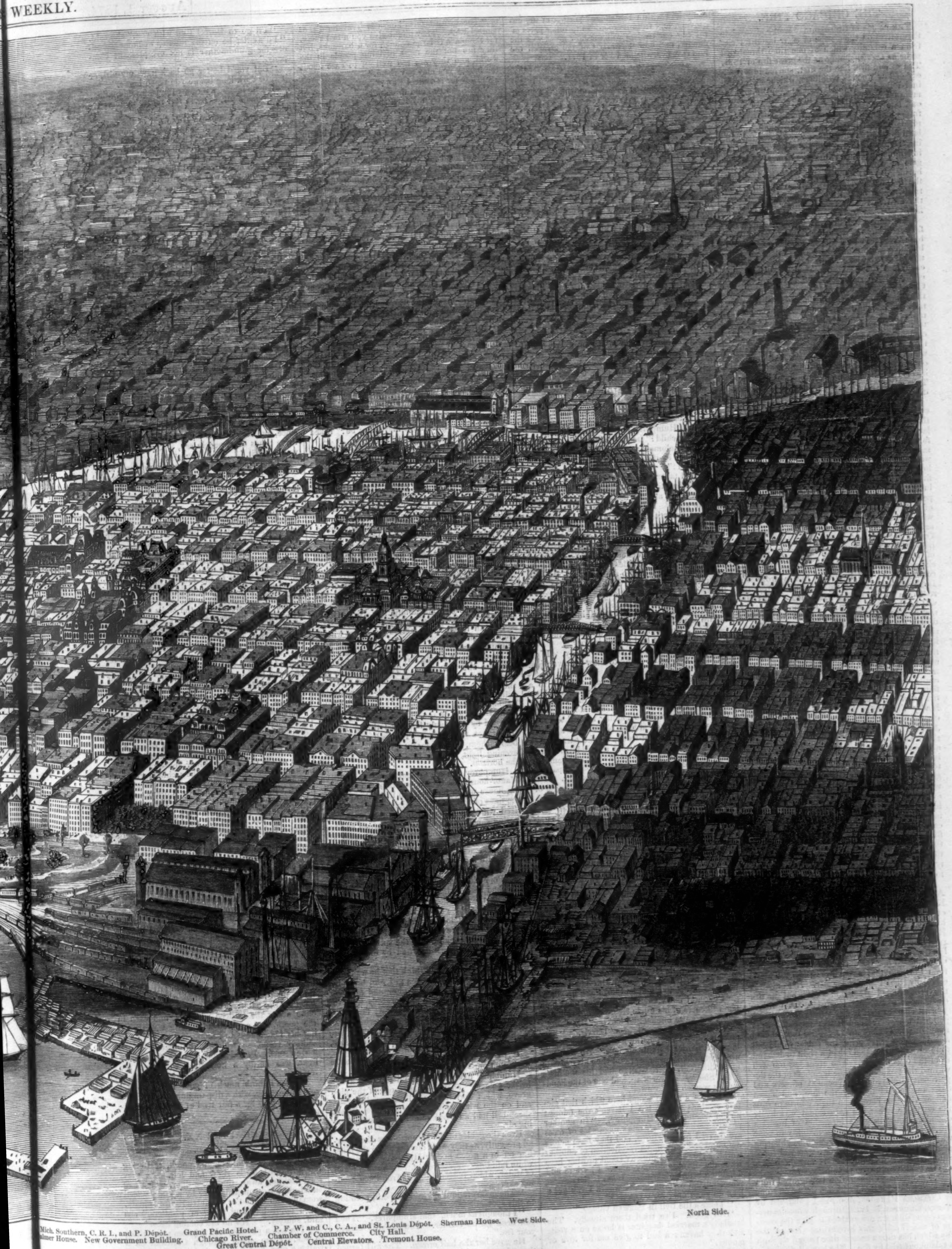
"All garbage and refuse matter from boarding and other tents must be put into barrels designated for that purpose in different parts of the ground, which will be removed daily at 9 A.M. and 6 P.M."

Among the various works written by the late Mr. Francis Butler, who died of hydrophobia, is a book entitled *Dogography*, being the life and adventures of an English bull-terrier which he had owned for more than sixteen years. It is written in a humorous vein, and professes to give the story of the dog's life in his own canine language. Mr. Butler was a florist as well as a dog-fancier, but he followed the latter business because he was fond of dogs.

He was eighteen, and she sweet sixteen, and they lived in Leavenworth, Kansas. An inexorable parent forbade the bans. So he of the eighteen years succeeded in raising nine dollars, and with "sweet sixteen" took the cars for the friendly glens of Missouri. After paying fare for the round trip and $2 50 to the parson, the twain, made one, landed in Leavenworth with the large fortune of $1 in greenbacks. Repairing to a saloon, ice-cream and cake were called for, reducing the cash to two nickels. Nothing daunted, two glasses of soda were swallowed, and the newly married couple started to begin life's wedded dream without a copper. This is enterprise.


South Side.
Lake Park.
Burnt District.
Akins Theatre.
First Baptist Church.
Gardiner House.
Crystal Palace.
Mich.
almer

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, SHOWING THE BURNT DISTRICT.—From a Colored P



North Side.

Mich. Southern, C. R. I., and P. Dépôt. Grand Pacific Hotel. P. F. W. and C., C. A., and St. Louis Dépôt. Sherman House. West Side.
almer House. New Government Building. Chicago River. Chamber of Commerce. City Hall.
Great Central Dépôt. Central Elevators. Tremont House.

Col[illegible]d Print published by Currier & Ives, 125 Nassau Street, New York.—[See Page 638.]

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

THE people of Chicago may well congratulate themselves on the escape of their beautiful city from a calamity which at one time threatened to be as overwhelming as the great fire of 1871. The second fire, like the first, started in a rookery of low wooden buildings, which, with criminal folly, had been allowed to grow up and remain near the very heart of the city. It broke out, late in the afternoon of July 14, in a low frame building used for storing rags, in the immediate neighborhood of an oil refinery, a large barn filled with hay, and a row of wooden cabins. Thus there was no lack of fuel of the most inflammable nature to feed the flames. A strong gale of wind aided in spreading the fire; the burning brands were carried over the heads of the firemen and scattered upon the dry pine roofs, which instantly blazed up, and compelled the men to retreat from between two lines of fire.

The wind at length drove the flames upon the fine residences and business structures of Wabash Avenue, where a large number of splendid buildings were soon destroyed. Michigan Avenue, along the lake front, was seriously threatened, and the occupants of the beautiful and costly private residences that are the pride of Chicago hastily removed their furniture. But the flames were stayed in time to save the avenue, and later in the evening most of the people moved back again. Help had arrived, in answer to telegraphic dispatches, from Milwaukee, Racine, Joliet, and other places, and the conflagration, which at one time threatened to involve the whole city, was stayed within the limits marked on our double-page view of Chicago. The total loss is estimated at about four millions of dollars. That of the great fire of 1871 was over two hundred millions.

It is to be hoped that not only Chicago but every American city will profit by the lesson of this new calamity. All our cities contain similar elements of danger, and nothing but good fortune has hitherto protected them against the most terrible disasters. There are hundreds of wooden rookeries in New York, tenanted by a low, debauched, and reckless population, and a fire occurring in any of these localities might end in the destruction of millions of property. The people of Chicago failed to profit by the lesson of the former calamity. They rebuilt their city with reckless disregard of the requirements of safety, and this in the face of many warnings. Only a few days before the recent fire an article published in one of the Chicago journals spoke of the reconstructed city as substantially one of shams, erected to challenge another wholesale conflagration; and it is said that a prominent Louisville architect, on viewing the city from the roof of a lofty building, exclaimed, "This city will be destroyed again!" The importance of more solid structures was shown in one instance during the height of the conflagration. Opposite the St. James Hotel stood a four-story building, with a marble front, covering about four numbers. This was divided from the building south by a single lot twenty-five feet wide. "A mere bagatelle," said every body; and nobody anticipated that this little space could check the flames; but it did. Fortunately a splendid fire-proof wall had been reared to the south. Madly the flames beat against it, and went clear over the building, setting fire to the St. James; but this wall stood the test, and though there was fire to the south and fire to the east, and not a pint of water thrown on it, the building stands there at this writing, a savior of untold millions. It was the citadel of the conflagration. Its surrender would have given the whole city to the raving enemy. Instinctively every one in sight of the scene appreciated the importance of the position, and when the building to the south tumbled with a thundering crash, and was thereafter harmless, a shout from fifty thousand throats rose high above the roar of the conflagration. Had the other buildings in the line of the fire possessed the same solidity, the conflagration would have been confined to the wooden structure in which it started.

In the matter of guarding against fire all American cities are, indeed, far behind those of Europe. No European city, with the exception of Hamburg, has experienced within the last hundred years such a calamity as Chicago and Boston have suffered. Our buildings are, as a rule, less solidly constructed than theirs, and our fire departments less efficiently organized. Neither Chicago nor Boston took sufficient warning from the fires that swept over them. This is especially true of the former city. Not only was the reconstructed city one of shams, but the fire department was clearly incapable. A Chicago journal charges that it was "little more than a political machine;" and it was predicted from many quarters before the recent fire that, should a serious emergency arise, the public would fail to receive the protection it had a right to demand from the organization. The event has too well verified the prediction. The members of the department displayed great personal bravery and determination in fighting the fire, and faced danger with true heroism in their efforts to save the city. But that the department was badly organized, and therefore incapable of meeting the emergency, is shown by its inability to cope with the flames without calling upon neighboring cities for assistance. Had the firemen of those cities been detained by serious fires at home, what would have become of Chicago?

Our double-page illustration is engraved from a superb colored print of Chicago drawn on stone by CHARLES PARSONS, Jun., and published by Messrs. CURRIER & IVES, through whose courteous permission we are enabled to give the readers of the *Weekly* this interesting view of the city which has thus a second time passed through a calamitous trial by fire. The burned district is comprised within the shaded portion of the engraving, and from its relations to other parts of the city our readers will see how great was the danger, and how narrowly Chicago escaped the fate that overwhelmed her in 1871.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

OVER THE HILLS.

THE old housekeeper's eyes were dim as she finished her story of the heir of Penwyn.

"He was the best of all," she said. "Mr. Balfour we saw very little of after he grew up, being the first to marry and leave home; Mr. James was a kind, easy-going young fellow enough; but Mr. George was every body's favorite, and there wasn't a dry eye among us when the Squire called us together, after his illness, and told us how his son had died. 'He died like a gentleman, upholding the honor of his Queen and his country—and Penwyn,' said the master, without tremble in his voice, though it was feebler than before the stroke. 'And I am proud to think of him lying in his far-off grave, and if I were not so old I would go over the sea to kneel beside my poor boy's resting-place before I die. He displeased me once, but we are good friends now, and there will be no cloud between us when we meet in another world.'"

Here Mrs. Darvis was fairly overcome, much to the astonishment of the girl Elspeth, whose uncanny black eyes regarded her with a scornful wonder. Humphrey noticed that look.

"Sweet child!" he said to himself. "What a charming helpmeet you will make for some honest peasant in days to come, with your amiable disposition!"

He had taken his time looking at the old house and listening to the housekeeper's story. The sun was low, and he had yet to find a lodging for the night. He had walked far since morning, and was not disposed to retrace his steps to the nearest town, a place called Seacomb, consisting of one long straggling street, a market-place, parish church, lock-up, and five Dissenting chapels of various denominations. This Seacomb was a good nine miles from Penwyn Manor.

"Perhaps you'd like to see the young Squire's portrait?" said Mrs. Darvis, when she had dried her tears of tribute to the dead.

"The young Squire?"

"Mr. George. We used to call him the young Squire sometimes."

"Yes, I should like to have a look at the poor fellow, now you've told me his history."

"It hangs in the old Squire's study. It's a bit of a room, and I forgot to show it to you just now."

Humphrey followed her across the hall to a small door in a corner, deeply recessed and low, but solid enough to have guarded the Tolbooth, one would suppose. It opened into a narrow room, with one window looking toward the sea. The wainscot was almost black with age, the furniture, old walnut-wood, of the same time-darkened hue. There were a couple of heavy old bureaus, brass-handled, and brass-clamped, a ponderous writing-desk, and one capacious arm-chair, covered with black leather. The high narrow chimney-piece was in an angle of the room, and above this, inclining forward, hung the portrait of George Penwyn.

It was a kit-cat picture of a lad in undress uniform, the face a long oval, fair of complexion, and somewhat feminine in delicacy of feature, the eyes dark blue. The rest of the features, though sufficiently regular, were commonplace enough; but the eyes, beautiful alike in shape and color, impressed Humphrey Clissold. They were eyes which might have haunted the fancy of girlhood with the dream of an ideal lover—eyes in whose somewhat melancholy sweetness a poet would have read some strange life-history. The hair, a pale auburn, hung in a loosely waving mass over the high narrow brow, and helped to give a picturesque cast to the patrician-looking head.

"A nice face!" said Humphrey, critically. "There is a little look of my poor friend James Penwyn, but not much. Poor Jim had a gayer, brighter expression, and had not those fine blue-gray eyes. I fancy Churchill Penwyn must be a plain likeness of his uncle George—not so handsome, but more intellectual-looking."

"Yes, Sir," assented Mrs. Darvis. "The present Squire is something like his uncle, but there's a harder look in his face. All the features seem cut out sharper; and then his eyes are quite different. Mr. George had his mother's eyes. She was a Trevillian, and one of the handsomest women in Cornwall."

"I've seen a face somewhere which that picture reminds me of, but I haven't the faintest notion where," said Humphrey. "In another picture perhaps. Half one's memories of faces are derived from pictures, and they flash across the mind suddenly like a recollection of another world. However, I mustn't stand prosing here while the sun goes down yonder. I have to find a lodging before night-fall. What is the nearest place, village or farm-house, where I can get a bed, do you think, Mrs. Darvis?"

"There's the Bell in Penwyn village."

"No good. I've tried there already. The landlady's married daughter is home on a visit, and they haven't a bed to give me for love or money."

Mrs. Darvis lapsed into meditation.

"The nearest farm-house is Trevanard's, at Borcel End. They might give you a bed there, for the place is large enough for a barracks, but they are not the most obliging people in the world, and they are too well off to care about the money you may pay them."

"How far is Borcel End?"

"Between two and three miles."

"Then I'll try my luck there, Mrs. Darvis," said Humphrey, cheerily. "It lies between that and sleeping under the open sky."

"I wish I could offer you a bed, Sir; but in my position—"

"As custodian, such an offer would be a breach of good faith to your employers. I quite understand that, Mrs. Darvis. I come here as a stranger to you, and I thank you kindly for having been so obliging as to show me the house."

He dropped a couple of half crowns into her hand as he spoke, but these Mrs. Darvis rejected most decidedly.

"Ours has never been what you can call a show place, Sir, and I've never looked for that kind of perquisite."

"Come, young one," said Humphrey, after taking leave of the friendly old housekeeper, "you can put me into the right road to Trevanard's, and you shall have one of these for your reward."

Elspeth's black eyes watched the rejection of the half crowns with unmistakable greed. Her sharp face brightened at Humphrey's promise.

"I'll show you the way, Sir," she said; "I know every step of it."

"Yes, the lass is always roaming about like a wild creature over the hills and down by the sea," said Mrs. Darvis, with a disapproving air. "I don't think she knows how to read or write, or has as much Christian knowledge as the old jackdaw in the servants' hall."

"I know things that are better than reading and writing," said Elspeth, with a grin.

"What kind of things may those be?" asked Humphrey.

"Things that other people don't know."

"Well, my lass, I won't trouble you by sounding the obscure depths of your wisdom. I only want the straightest road to Trevanard's farm. He is a tenant of this estate, I suppose, Mrs. Darvis?"

"Yes, Sir. Michael Trevanard's father was a tenant of the old Squire's before my time. Old Mrs. Trevanard is still living, though stone-blind, and hardly right in her head, I believe."

They had reached the lobby door by this time, the chief hall door being kept religiously bolted and barred during the absence of the family.

"I shall come and see you again, Mrs. Darvis, most likely, before I leave this part of the country," said Humphrey, as he crossed the threshold. "Good-evening."

"You'll be welcome at any time, Sir. Good-evening."

Elspeth led the way across the lawn with a step so light and swift that it was as much as Humphrey could do to keep pace with her, tired as he was after a long day afoot. He followed her into the pine wood. The trees were not thickly planted, but they were old and fine, and their dense foliage looked inky black against a primrose-colored sky. A narrow foot-path wound among the tall black trunks only a few yards from the edge of the cliff, which was poorly guarded by a roughly fashioned timber railing, the stakes wide apart. The vast Atlantic lay below them, a translucent green in the clear evening light, melting into purple far away on the horizon.

Humphrey paused to look back at Penwyn Manor-house, the grave, substantial old dwelling-house which had seen so little change since the days of the Tudors. High gable ends; latticed windows gleaming in the last rays of the setting sun; stone walls moss-darkened and ivy-shrouded; massive porch, with deep recesses, and room enough for a small congregation; mighty chimney-stacks, and quaint old iron weathercock, with a marvelous specimen of the ornithological race pointing its gilded beak due west.

"Poor old James, what good days we might have had here!" sighed Humphrey, as he looked back at the fair domain. It seemed a place saved out of the good old world, and was very pleasant to contemplate after the gimcrack palaces of the age we live in, in which all that architecture can conjure from the splendors of the past is more or less disfigured by the tinsel of the present.

"Dear old James! to think that he wanted to marry that poor little actress girl, and bring her to reign down here in the glow and glory of those stained-glass windows, gorgeous with the armorial devices of a line of county families—innocent, simple-hearted lad, wandering about like a prince in a fairy tale, ready to fall in love with the first pretty girl he saw by the road-side, and to take her back to his kingdom!"

"If you want to see Trevanard's farm before dark, you must come on, Sir," said Elspeth.

Humphrey took the hint, and followed at his briskest pace. They were soon out of the pine grove, which they left by a little wooden gate, and on the wild wide hills where the distant sheep-bell had an eerie sound in the still evening air.

Even the gables of the Manor-house disappeared presently, as they went down a dip in the hills. Far off in a green hollow Humphrey saw some white buildings—scattered untidily near a patch of water, which reflected that saffron-hued evening sky.

"That's Trevanard's," said Elspeth, pointing to this spot.

"I thought as much," said Humphrey. "Then you need go no further. You've fairly earned your fee."

He gave her the half crown. The girl turned the coin over with a delighted look before she put it in her pocket.

"I'll go to Borcel End with you," she said. "I'd as lief be on the hills as at home—sooner—for grandmother is not overpleasant company."

"But you'd better go back now, my girl, or it 'll be dark long before you reach home."

Elspeth laughed, a queer impish cachinnation, which made Mr. Clissold feel rather uncomfortable.

"You don't suppose I'm afraid of the dark?" she said, in her shrill young voice, so young and yet so old in tone. "I know every star in the sky. Besides, it's never dark at this time of year. I'll go on to Borcel End with you. Maybe you mayn't get accommodated there, and then I can show you a near way across the hills to Penwyn village. You might get shelter at one of the cottages anyhow."

"Upon my word you are very obliging," said Humphrey, surprised by this show of benevolence upon the damsel's part.

"Do you know any thing about this Borcel End?" he asked, presently, when they were going down into the valley.

"I've never been inside it," answered Elspeth, glibly, more communicative now than she had been an hour or two ago when Clissold questioned her about the house of Penwyn. "Mrs. Trevanard isn't one to encourage a poor girl like me about her place. She's a rare hard one, they say, and would pinch and scrape for a sixpence, yet dresses fine on Sundays, and lives well. There's always good eating and drinking at Borcel End, folks say. I've heard tell as it was a gentleman's house once, before old Squire Penwyn bought it, and that there was a fine park round the house. There's plenty of trees now, and a garden that has all gone to ruin. The gentleman that owned Borcel spent all his money, people say, and old Squire Penwyn bought the place cheap, and turned it into a farm, and it's been in the hands of the Trevanards ever since, and they're rich enough to buy the place three times over, people say, if Squire Penwyn would sell it."

"I don't suppose I shall get a very warm welcome if this Mrs. Trevanard is such a disagreeable person," said Humphrey, beginning to feel doubtful as to the wisdom of asking hospitality at Borcel End.

"Oh! I don't know about that. She's civil enough to gentlefolks, I've heard say. It's only her servants and such like she's so stiff with. You can but try."

They were at the farm by this time. The old house stood before them—a broad stretch of greensward in front of it, with a pool of brackish-looking water in the middle, on which several broods of juvenile ducks were swimming gayly.

The house was large, the walls rough-cast, with massive timber frame-work. There was a roomy central porch, also of plaster and timber, and this and a projecting wing at each end of the house gave a certain importance to the building. Some relics of its ancient gentility still remained to show that Borcel End had not always been the house of a tenant-farmer. A coat of arms roughly cut on a stone tablet over the front-door testified to its former owner's pride of birth, and the quadrangular range of stables, stone-built, and more important than the house, indicated those sporting tastes which might have helped to dissipate the fortunes of a banished and half-forgotten race. But Borcel End, in its brightest day, had never been such a mansion as the old Tudor Manor-house of Penwyn. There was a homeliness in the architecture which aspired to neither dignity nor beauty—low ceilings, square latticed windows, dormers in the roof, and heavy chimney-stacks. The only beauty which the place could have possessed at its best was the charm of rusticity—an honest, simple, English home. To-day, however, Borcel End was no longer at its best. The stone quadrangle, where the finest hunting stud in Cornwall had once been lodged, was now a straw-yard for cattle; one side of the house was overshadowed by a huge barn, built of the *débris* of the park wall; a colony of jovial pigs disported themselves in a small inclosure which had once been a maze. A remnant of hedge-row, densest yew, still marked the boundary of this ancient pleasance, but all the rest had vanished beneath the cloven hoof of the unclean animal.

Though the farm-yard showed on every side the tokens of agricultural prosperity, the house itself had a neglected air. The plaster walls, green and weather-stained, presented the curious blended hues of a Stilton cheese in prime condition; the timber seemed perishing for want of a good coat of paint. Poultry were pecking about close under the latticed windows, and even in the porch, and a vagabond pigling was thrusting his black nose in among the roots of one solitary rose-bush which still lingered on the barren turf. Borcel End, seen in this fading light, was hardly a homestead to attract the traveler.

"I don't think much of your Borcel End," said Humphrey, with a disparaging air. "However, here goes for a fair trial of Western hospitality!"

CHAPTER XX.

BORCEL END.

MR. CLISSOLD entered the porch, scattering the affrighted fowls right and left. As they sped cackling away, the house door, which had stood ajar, was opened wider by a middle-aged woman, who looked at the intruder frowningly. "We never buy any thing of peddlers," she said, sharply. "It's no use coming here."

"I'm not a peddler, and I haven't any thing to sell. I am going through Cornwall on a walking tour, and want to find a place where I could stop for a week or so and look about the country. I am prepared to pay a fair price for a clean homely lodging. The housekeeper at Penwyn Manor told me to try here."

"Then she sent you on a fool's errand," replied the woman; "we don't take lodgers."

"Not as a rule, perhaps; but you might strain a point in my favor, I dare say."

Humphrey Clissold had a pleasant voice and a pleasant smile. Mrs. Trevanard looked at him doubtfully, softened in spite of herself by his manner. And then no Trevanard was ever above earning an honest penny. They had not grown rich by refusing chances of small profits.

"Come, mother," cried a cheery voice from within, while she was hesitating, "you can ask the gentleman to come in and sit down a bit, anyhow. That won't make us nor break us."

"You can walk in and sit down, Sir, if you like," said Mrs. Trevanard, with a somewhat unwilling air.

Humphrey crossed the threshold and found himself in a large, stone-paved room, which had once been the hall, and was now half kitchen, half living-room. The staircase, with its clumsy, black-painted balustrades, shaped like gouty legs, occupied one side of the room; on the other yawned the mighty chimney, with a settle on each side of the wide hearth, a cozy retreat on winter's nights. The glow of the fire had a comfortable look even on this midsummer evening.

A young man—tall, stalwart, good-looking, clad in a suit of velveteen which gave him something the air of a gamekeeper—stood near the hearth, cleaning a gun. He it was who had spoken just now—Martin Trevanard, the only son of the house, and about the only living creature who had any influence with his mother. Pride ruled her, religion or bigotry had power over her, gold was the strongest influence of all; but of all the mass of humanity there was but one unit she cared for after herself, and that one was Martin.

"Sit down and make yourself at home, Sir," said the young man, heartily. "You've walked far, I dare say."

"I have," answered Humphrey, "but I don't want to rest any where until I am sure that I can get a night's shelter. There was no room for me at the Bell at Penwyn, but I left my knapsack there, thinking I should be forced to go back to the village anyhow. It was an afterthought coming on here. Oh, by-the-way, there's a girl outside, the lodge-keeper's daughter, who has been my guide so far, and wants to know my fate before she goes home. What can you do with me, Mrs. Trevanard? I'm not particular. Give me a truss of clean hay in one of your barns if you're afraid to have me in the house."

"Don't be ill-natured, old lady," said the young man; "the gentleman is a gentleman. One can see that with half an eye."

"That's all very well, Martin; but what will your father say to our taking in a stranger without so much as knowing his name?"

"My name is Humphrey Clissold," said the applicant, taking a card out of his pocket-book and throwing it on the polished beech-wood table, the only handsome piece of furniture in the room—a massive oblong table big enough for twelve or fourteen people to sit at. "There are my name and address. And so far as payment in advance goes"—he put a sovereign down beside the card—"there's for my night's accommodation and refreshment."

"Put your money in your pocket, Sir. You're a friend of Mr. Penwyn's, I suppose?" asked Mrs. Trevanard, still doubtful.

"I know the present Mr. Penwyn, but I can not call myself his friend. The poor young fellow who was murdered, James Penwyn, was my nearest and dearest friend, my adopted brother."

"Let the gentleman stop, mother. We've rooms enough, and to spare, in this gloomy old barrack. A fresh face always brightens us up a little, and it's nice to hear how the world goes on. Father's always satisfied when you are. You can put the gentleman in that old room at the end of the corridor. You needn't be frightened, Sir; there are no ghosts at Borcel End," added Martin Trevanard, laughing.

His mother still hesitated, but after a pause she said, "Very well, Sir. You can stop to-night, and as long as you please afterward at a fair price—say, a guinea a week for eating, drinking, and sleeping, and a trifle for the servant when you go away."

Even in consenting the woman seemed to have a lingering reluctance, as if she were giving assent to something which she felt should have been refused.

"Your terms are moderation itself, madam, and I thank you. I'll send away my small guide."

He went out to the porch, where Elspeth sat waiting—no doubt a listener to the conversation. Humphrey rewarded her devotion with an extra sixpence, and dismissed her. Away she sped through the gathering gloom, light of foot as a young fawn. Humphrey felt considerably relieved by the comfortable adjustment of the lodging question. He seated himself in an arm-chair by the hearth, and stretched out his legs in the ruddy glow with a blissful sense of repose.

"Is there such a thing as a lad about the place who would go to the Bell at Penwyn to fetch my knapsack, for a consideration?" he asked.

There was a cow-boy who would perform that service, it seemed. Martin went out himself to look for the rustic Mercury.

"He's a good-natured lad, my son," said Mrs. Trevanard, "but full of fancies. That comes of idleness, and too much education, his father says. His grandmother yonder never learned to read or write, and 'twas she and her husband made Borcel End what it is."

Following the turn of Mrs. Trevanard's head, Humphrey perceived that an object which in the obscurity of the room he had taken for a piece of furniture was in reality a piece of humanity—a very old woman, dressed in dark garments, with only a narrow white border peeping from under a cowl-shaped black silk cap, a dingy red handkerchief pinned across her shoulders, and two bony hands, whose shriveled fingers moved with a mechanical regularity in the process of stocking-knitting.

"Ay," said a quivering voice, "I can't read or write—that's to say, I couldn't even when I had my sight—but between us Michael and I made Borcel what it is. Young people don't understand the old ways—they have servants to wait upon 'em, and play the harpsichord; but little good comes of it."

"Is she blind?" asked Humphrey of the younger Mrs. Trevanard, in a whisper.

The old woman's quick ear caught the question.

"Stone-blind, Sir, for the last eighteen years. But the Lord has been good to me. I've a comfortable home and kind children, and they don't turn me out-of-doors, though I'm such a useless creature."

"Why, mother, you know the place is your own for life," said Bridget Trevanard, sharply. "Michael's father left it so in his will."

"You might turn me out for all that. Who'd see an old blind woman righted?"

A gloomy figure in that dark corner beyond the glow of the fire! Humphrey felt that the room was less comfortable somehow since he had discovered the presence of this old woman, with her sightless orbs, and never-resting fingers, long and lean, weaving her endless web, gloomy as Clotho herself.

A plump, ruddy-cheeked maid-servant came bustling in with preparations for supper, making an agreeable diversion after this sad little episode. She lighted a pair of tall tallow-candles in tall brass candlesticks, which feebly illumined the large low room. The wainscoted walls were blackened by smoke and time, and from the cross-beams that sustained the low ceiling hung a grove of hams, while flitches of bacon adorned the corners, where there was less need of headway. Every object in the room belonged to the useful rather than the beautiful. Yet there was something pleasant to Humphrey's unaccustomed eye in the homely old-world comfort of the place.

He took advantage of the light to steal a glance at the face of his hostess, as she helped the servant to lay the cloth and place the viands on the table. Bridget Trevanard was about fifty years of age, but there were few wrinkles on the square brow or about the eyes and mouth. She was tall, buxom, and broad-shouldered; a woman who looked as if she had few feminine weaknesses, either moral or physical. The muscular arm and broad, open chest betokened an almost virile strength. Her skin was bright and clear, her nose broad and thick, but fairly modeled of its kind, her under lip full and firm, as if wrought in iron, the upper lip long, straight, and thin. Her eyes were dark brown, bright and hard, with that sharp, penetrating look which is popularly supposed to see through deal boards and even stone walls on occasion. So at least thought the servants at Borcel End.

A model farmer's wife this Mrs. Trevanard, a severe mistress, yet not unjust or unkind, a proud woman, and in her own particular creed something of a zealot: a woman who loved money, not so much for its own sake, as because it served the only ambition she had ever cherished, namely, to be more respectable than her neighbors. Wealth went a long way toward this superior respectability, therefore did Mrs. Trevanard toil and spin, and never cease from labor in the pursuit of gain. She was the motive power of Borcel End. Her superlative energy kept Michael Trevanard, a somewhat lazy man by nature, a patient slave at the mill. Martin was the only creature at Borcel who escaped her influence. For him life meant the indulgence of his own fancies, with just so much work as gave him an appetite for his meals. He would drive the wagon to the mill, or superintend the men at hay-making and harvest. He rather liked attending market, and was a good hand at a bargain; but to the patient drudgery of every-day cares young Trevanard had a rooted objection. He was good-looking, good-natured, walked well, sang well, whistled better than any other man in the district, and was a general favorite. People said that the good blood of the old Trevanards showed in young Martin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The *Service Monthly*, in an interesting chapter upon Alaska, gives a few items regarding the weather that will be of interest to those who do not appreciate the peculiarities of that climate. At Sitka the mean temperature of summer is 54°, and that of winter is 32°, the latter being precisely the mean of St. Louis, Missouri. In place of incessant hail and snow, as is frequently erroneously supposed, rain falls throughout the winter season, and whatever snow falls soon disappears. Not only do these thermal conditions exist at the capital of Alaska, but a proportionally high temperature reigns throughout the coasts beyond, and the influence of the ocean currents extends even to Norton Sound, near the arctic circle. In the Aleutian Islands the winters are somewhat colder, but the temperature frequently remains above 35° until the 1st of January. On Kodiak Islands the two most severe frosts of one winter were recorded at 0° and 13°. The Greek Bishop Veniaminoff, who has kept a continuous record for six years, states that during that interval only on nine occasions did the mercury fall below 10° F.; but on the other hand the summer temperature averages only 49°, and the line of perpetual snow on Maskushin, an active volcano in Oonalaska, has an elevation of 3100 feet. The arctic winter in the interior at Fort Yukon yields a mean temperature of 30°, but the mean temperature of July is frequently as high as 65° or 70°. From December to April the average number of days on which rain or snow falls in the Aleutian Archipelago is twenty-six per month. The mean temperature of the winter months on the island of St. Paul is 20°, or very nearly the same as at Omaha and Northern New York. Fog prevails almost incessantly in the autumn. Iceland in the North Atlantic and St. Paul in the North Pacific, or Behring Sea, represent respectively two areas of low barometer.

The labors of the expeditions now fitting out in various parts of the world for observing the transit of Venus in December next will not be confined to physical science alone, as measures are being taken to attach competent naturalists to them, and it is probable that many valuable additions to our knowledge of the natural history of the several stations will be secured.

To the British expedition to the island of Rodriguez a competent geologist will be assigned, Dr. T. B. Balfour, who will devote himself to an examination of the general geological structure of the island; Mr. George Gulliver, of the University of Oxford, will undertake the zoological department; both gentlemen are eminent specialists, and will doubtless give a good account of themselves. Mr. Henry W. Sclater, who has much experience in cave exploration in England, will, in addition, be especially charged with the examination of the limestone caverns on the island.

It is suggested that Mr. Edward Newton, who has already done so much in this line of research, and who is now Colonial Secretary of Mauritius, will possibly accompany the party to Rodriguez and give it his assistance.

For the expedition to Kerguelen Land, the natural history of which is known to be very interesting, the Rev. A. E. Eaton has been assigned. We as yet have no special detail on the part of other of the European transit parties, but have no doubt that the subject of natural history will be equally cared for.

The large force required to carry on the astronomical and photographic work of the American parties, and the necessarily limited accommodations on board the *Swatara*, have rendered it impossible to detail special naturalists to accompany that vessel; but the Navy Department has assigned to the position of assistant-surgeon Dr. J. H. Kidder, of the navy, a gentleman well known for his love of natural science and his accomplishments as a collector. He is provided with every thing needful in the form of apparatus and material for the occasion, and as the parties are landed at the different islands he will leave with them a share of his stock.

The antarctic stations to be occupied by United States observers consist of the Crozet Islands, Kerguelen Land, Chatham Island, the middle island of New Zealand, and Tasmania; and as there are many of the assistants who are interested in natural history, much will be done, so far as their other duties will permit, in making collections. There is no doubt that the results will be creditable to American enterprise.

One of the most interesting results of the examination of sundry minerals collected during the geological survey of Professor Hayden in 1873, according to Dr. F. M. Endlich, one of the geologists of the expedition, consists in the fact that native tellurium was found among some of the tellurides from the Red Cloud Mine at Gold Hill, Colorado. It occurred in a specimen weighing about six pounds, a mechanical mixture of quartz and native tellurium in equal proportions. Except in Transylvania, tellurium has never been found in its native state. Small admixtures of bismuth, selenium, iron, gold, and silver are associated with it, so that the tellurium is only about ninety-one per cent. of the mineral.

Few persons are aware of the important exploration which has been going on for a year or two past in Costa Rica, under the direction of Professor William M. Gabb, a geologist and explorer of Philadelphia, well known for his excellent scientific work, especially in connection with the Geological Survey of California, under Professor Whitney.

The special object is an investigation of an entirely unknown region of Southeastern Costa Rica, inhabited only by savages, but known to contain rich treasures of mineral, worked by the Spaniards in the early days of the Conquest, this knowledge being only by traditions. The expenses are borne conjointly by the Costa Rican government and by the contractors for the Costa Rica Railroad; and although the party has consisted only of Professor Gabb and four assistants, it has already gathered a great deal of important information and material in reference to the economical, scientific, and political history of the region investigated.

In the course of his labors Professor Gabb found the people less savage than had been supposed, and he has already succeeded in winning their confidence to such an extent as to induce their chief to accompany him on a visit to San José.

As might have been expected, the geological structure of the country has occupied a large share of Professor Gabb's attention, and enough has been discovered to warrant the belief that the mineral resources are of great importance. The greatest interest attaches, however, to the discovery of two previously unknown volcanoes, not less than 7000 feet high, in the main cordillera just northwest of Pico Blanco. Of these he is about making a thorough examination. The natural history collections made by the professor are of unusual magnitude and value, embracing all departments of zoology, and especially rich in mammals, birds, reptiles, and insects. Of fish there were but few species, but all that could be found were secured. The ethnology and philology of the country have been attended to very thoroughly, and vocabularies, amounting in some cases to five hundred words, of certain divisions of the tribe have been made. Material illustrating the manners and customs of the people was also gathered in great quantities, and important discoveries made of *Huacos*, or prehistoric graves.

In addition to these, Professor Gabb is on the track of an ancient buried city, of which no mention is made in any history of the country. The natural history and ethnological collections made have been sent to the National Museum at Washington, where they form a conspicuous feature in the Central American series.

The material thus collected by Professor Gabb will, on his return, be made the subject of an elaborate work, in which he hopes to present the whole subject of the physical and natural history of the country in its fullest detail. An important geological discovery made by him is that the appearance of dry land on the isthmus is of tertiary date, and that it is coeval with the period of volcanic excitement in the California Sierra.

The Bureau of Engineers, having in charge the geological and geographical explorations and surveys west of the hundredth meridian, has recently published its first contribution to our accurate knowledge of geographical positions in Wyoming and Colorado Territories. The report, though only relating to two stations, namely, Cheyenne and Colorado Springs, is of particular interest at this time, in view of the consideration by Congress of the important question as to who shall make the surveys of the land. Lieutenant Wheeler, the engineer immediately in charge of the survey, has, we think, very wisely followed the precedent established by the superintendent of the Observatory and the Coast Survey, in giving to the civilians under his direction full credit for the valuable scientific labors that they have undertaken. In the report before us we are favored with the details of the work done by Dr. F. Kampf and J. H. Clark, whose names appear on the title-page as civilian astronomical assistants. The latter presents a memoir on the astronomical operations of the field season of 1872, and the former gives us the results of observations at Colorado Springs in 1873. The general direction and plan of the astronomical work at these stations is laid down by Lieutenant Wheeler with great minuteness of detail, so as to insure the most complete uniformity and the greatest accuracy in the work of each assistant; and at every point we perceive that the assistant in charge of any work is held directly responsible to the public, as well as to his superior officer, for the accuracy of his results. The observations made at the twenty-two remaining primary stations in 1871–73 will appear in volume two of the reports of the survey, and it would seem that the present publication of the work done at Cheyenne and Colorado Springs is intended to present to us a specimen of the whole, the stations in question being chosen as typical stations, and "not selected because of probable errors that are a minimum." Without at present critically discussing the accuracy of the observations, or the propriety of certain arithmetical operations, we must conclude by congratulating Lieutenant Wheeler upon the thorough method and the evident desire for the highest attainable accuracy that are manifest in every page of the report, and must express our conviction that if the work undertaken by him be carried on in the spirit in which it appears to have been begun (with only a little less striving after meaningless probable errors of unattainable smallness), he will have earned the lasting gratitude of future generations, who will surely appreciate better than we can do, and better than we can foresee, the value to a civilized nation of an accurate map and a reliable census of the contents of all its landed possessions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "His honor wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel, bawling as loud as ever he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his honor kindly," answered the ancient dame; "and if it's no illconwenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale!"

A gentleman at a dance remarked to his partner, a witty young lady, that the "room was too close—he must go out and get some air." After an absence of half an hour he returned, when she asked him if he had been to the grave-yard, as his breath smelled of beer!

A lady asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

A man was boasting before a companion of his very strong sight. "I can discern from here a mouse on the top of that very high tower." "I don't see it," answered his comrade; "but I hear it running."

"What is Heaven's best gift to man?" asked a young lady the other night, smiling sweetly on a pleasant-looking clerk. "A hoss!" replied the young man, with great prudence.

The difference between having a tooth properly drawn by a professional surgeon and having it knocked out miscellaneously by a fall upon the pavement is only a slight verbal distinction—one is dental, and the other accidental.

A foundling left in a Boston street car was appropriately named 'Oscar.

Mr. Dickens told a story of a young lady who, being intensely loved by five young men, was advised to jump overboard, and marry the man who jumped in after her. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head-foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and four lovers were out again, she says to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" "Take the dry one." And the young lady did, and married him.

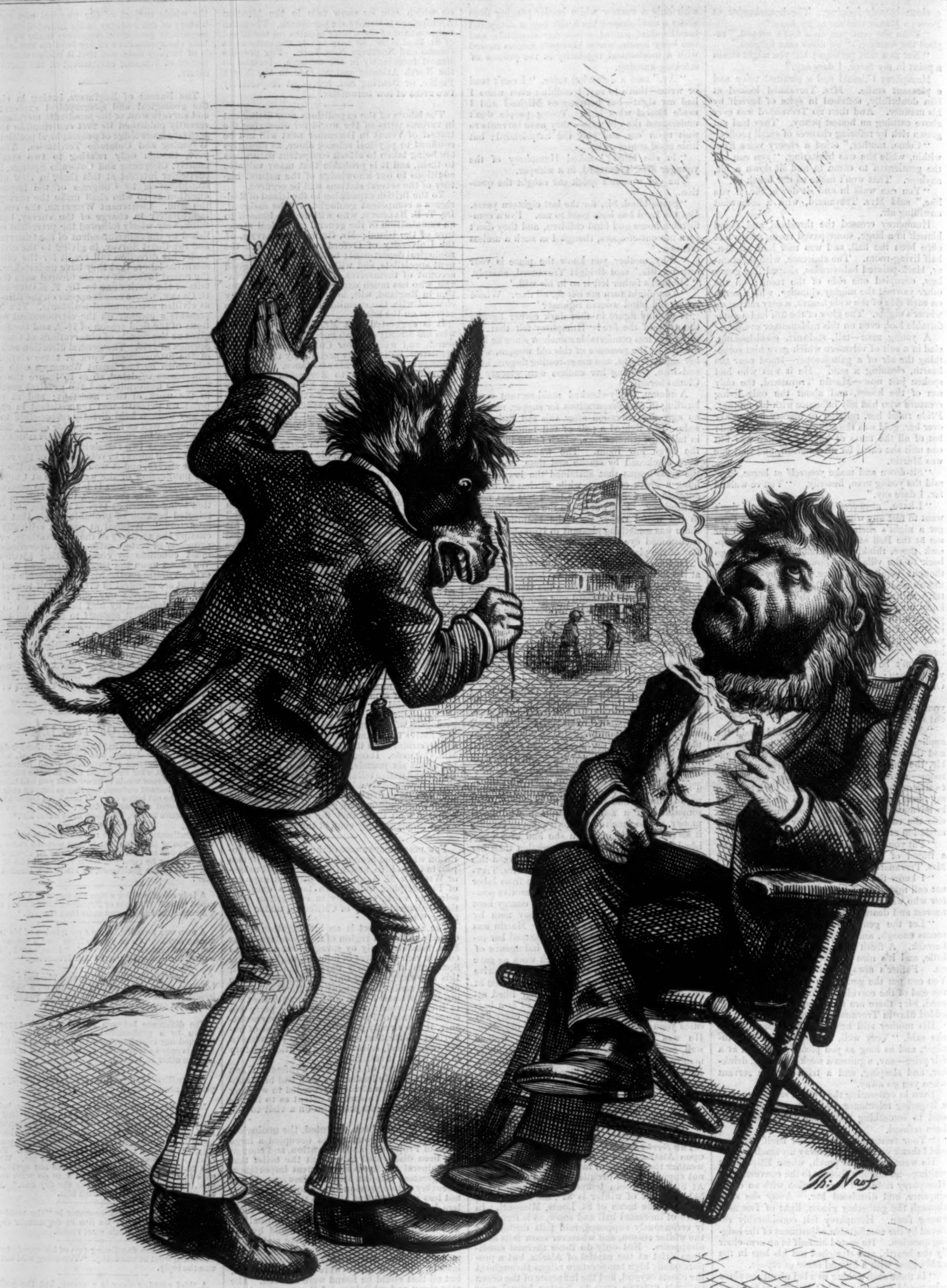
A novelty in domestic economy is "the revolving vegetable dish." Truly we live in degenerate days: time was when the bottle went round.

A farmer, when flagellating two of his unruly boys, was asked what he was doing. "Threshing wild oats!" was the reply.

A thief running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a scamper.

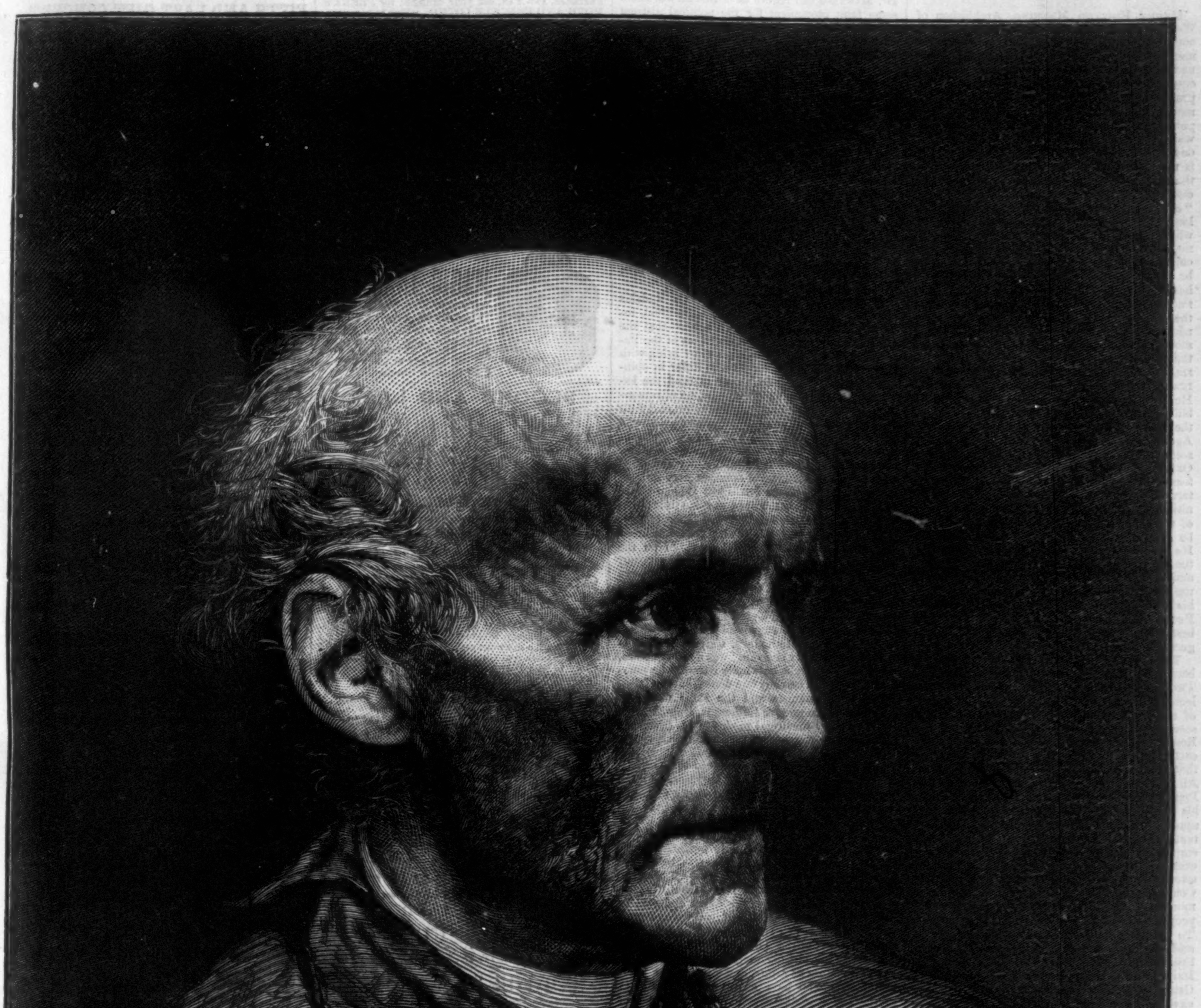
A man in Maine has a goose sixty-eight years old. Though attaining this green old age, she nevertheless is not a green goose. The secret of her longevity consists in the fact that she hid away for several seasons, at Christmas-time, until she became so tough that they couldn't kill her, and let her live on.

Wit in an influential form was displayed by the Quaker gentleman soliciting subscriptions for a distressed widow for whom every body expressed the greatest sympathy. "Well," said he, "every body declares he is sorry for her: I am truly sorry—I am sorry five dollars. How much art thou sorry, friend? and thou? and thou?" He was very successful, as may be supposed. One of those to whom the case was described said he *felt* very much indeed for the poor widow. "But hast thou felt in thy pocket?" inquired the Friend.



CÆSARPHOBIA.

Intelligent Interviewer (J. G. B., Jun.). "Do you insist upon running for a Third Term? Do you insist upon being a Cæsar? Answer quick, or—or—or—I'll Bray!"



ARCHBISHOP MANNING.—[SEE PAGE 642.]

[See Portrait on Page 641.]

DR. MANNING,

ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Henry Edward Manning, Archbishop of Westminster and Primate of all England by the nomination of the Pope, is the son of a London merchant. He was educated at Oxford, passed under the influence of the Puseyite school, and entered the English Church with no want of preferment. He held two livings at thirty, was made Archdeacon of Chichester, and in 1842 published a work on the *Unity of the Church*, which he dedicated to Mr. Gladstone. It is one of the dullest of theological discussions, but is marked by some unsparing denunciations of the Roman See. In his search for unity he had discovered that the doctrines of the papacy were "ensnaring," and its traditions "corrupt." Not long after, however, he fell into the snares of which he was conscious, and left the Establishment, where he had lived in obscurity, to take the chief place among English Romanists. It must be allowed that since this change his literature has become more animated, and that his writings find readers. Yet he wins attention chiefly by the extravagance of his assumptions and the grossness of his superstitions. He has long been the most active of the ultramontanes, more papal than Dupanloup, and only less bitter than Veuillot. He lives in the distant realm of Boniface and Becket, Dominic and Loyola. He is the strongest advocate of the papal infallibility, of the miracles of Monial and Lourdes, the most abject son of the Church of the Middle Ages. The feeblest arguments of the papacy seem to him the fullest of conviction, and the Oxford graduate is now at the mercy of every female cataleptic who may choose to claim intercourse with the Madonna, and of every Jesuitical prophet who proclaims the coming glories of the Roman See. "I may seem to many to be a dreamer," he says. "Time will show." He plainly believes with Veuillot that amidst the shock of nations and the woe of Europe, amidst the wreck of Protestant empires and the miseries of the people, the Pope shall have his own again, and rule over all the islands Peter gave to Adrian, and all the continents bestowed so freely on the Spaniards and Portuguese.

There does not, indeed, seem any difference between the faith of Dr. Manning and that of Thomas à Becket, whom he has apparently selected as his model. Both assert the supremacy of the Pope over all temporal sovereigns, and seem eager to erect a spiritual throne for the Roman bishop splendid with the trappings of earthly grandeur and surrounded by an affluence that rivals the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. All lands and nations are to be tributary to the Pope, and the proudest king is only fitted to hold his stirrup rein. In this picture of pride and sensuality our mediæval and modern ultramontanes allow no room for dissent. The Pope's empire is to be universal and complete. Whoever opposes it is to be extirpated with fire and sword; at least such is the intimation of the Council, and the modern practice of the ultramontanes. The woes and the oppressions of the people are as nothing to our clerical Caligulas. To restore the temporal power France is to be enslaved, Germany swept by a savage invasion, Spain ravaged by Carlists and Intransigentes, and Italy racked by a conqueror more unsparing than Charles VIII. For Becket there was the excuse of the general barbarism around him, but Dr. Manning defends the abuses of the temporal power in the open light of knowledge. Under the pride, cruelty, and splendor of the papal government he sees "by an intuition" the symbols of faith, morals, and "the divine authority of the Church" (see *Rome, the Capital of Christendom*, page 18). He rejoices with a strange exultation over the sorrows of Italy. Of the struggling Italians he wrote, "They have turned upon each other, baffled each other's policy, shed each other's blood," and he seems as ready as Pius IX. to exult over the miseries of mankind. What cause either has for so inhuman a spirit can scarcely be discovered.

An intellect like that of Dr. Manning can not be expected to be logical in its argument or careful in its facts. Of historical accuracy he seems to be altogether careless. The ruling idea of all his speculations is that of the unity of the Church, and he is accustomed to assert before uncultivated hearers that Rome ruled over an undivided Christendom until Protestants dissolved the happy concord. "Gallicanism," he declares, had no existence until the Council of Constance. He forgets what he once knew and proclaimed, that Rome never ruled the British churches. He overlooks the fact that the Eastern patriarchs long ago deposed the Roman bishop from his see for heresy and schism. He might have stated that in no century had the papal power controlled more than a fragment of the great hosts of Christendom. Nor is it possible to relieve Dr. Manning from the charge of plain inconsistency, when at a recent meeting of the Oxford Union he extolled the English Parliament as "the greatest of legislative bodies;" for the English Parliament for six hundred years has been the bitterest foe of the papal supremacy.

If he fails as a logician, Dr. Manning is at least successful in politics. He has organized the Irish Catholics of London into a united body. He encourages the Romanists to religious agitation in England and Ireland, and courts the perils of Becket. He denounces public education, refuses all union with Protestant teaching, and requires that every school shall be controlled by the priest. As an advocate of temperance he deserves high praise, and he has discovered that his people are singularly in want of instruction upon this point. It is a plain proof of the low grade of morals produced or permitted by the Roman Catholic faith that most of the pauperism, brutality, and crime of our large cities come from the firmest adherents of the papacy. If Dr. Manning can relieve us of this he will make some faint atonement for the political distress and disorder he and his ultramontane allies are fomenting in every part of the world. As a preacher Dr. Manning has few attractions. Voice, manner, animation, are all wanting. He could nowhere have gathered a congregation without extraneous help. He is evidently a man of energy rather than of intellect, and his intense resolution and ceaseless activity are marked upon his stern countenance, and have been fruitful in various conversions among the feeble and decaying minds of the wealthy and the ruling classes. Yet it is said that his extreme opinions are looked upon with some distrust by the more prudent members of his own faith, and his recent essay upon "Cæsarism" has once more brought before the public view the enormous pretensions of the papacy, the extraordinary contempt for historical accuracy that marks its chief defenders, the cruelty and pride with which it would force men back to a new barbarism.

That the teachings of Dr. Manning and his allies have tended to make men more cruel, inhuman, and dangerous to each other—that the revival of the principles and doctrines of the Papal Church of the Middle Ages must bring with it that intense hatred for all who differ in opinion from the Roman faith that marked the Innocents and Urbans of the past, no ultramontane denies. Popes and prelates assert that their only aim is the utter extirpation of dissent, and that he who opposes the Vicar of God will be overwhelmed by temporal as well as eternal ruin. So long as the notion of infallibility remained undecided these mediæval opinions were at least not immutable. Even intelligent Roman Catholics hoped that they might be at some time abandoned by their whole Church. That hope is now passed away. "Kill all; God will know His own," must henceforth be written on the standard of the infallible Pope. The precept, barbarous as it may seem, is a logical inference from the Syllabus and the Council. In his address to the Irish-Americans who recently laid the tribute of their adopted land at the feet of the Pope, Pius IX. suggested that the presence of "Lutherans, Methodists, Calvinists, Episcopalians, in that fair vineyard" was a sad affliction, and that they might be wholly removed he prayed fervently. Does any one doubt that the Irish-American Romanists and the Pope would at once proceed to remove Lutherans, Baptists, and Methodists by the usual modes of his predecessors, had they the power? Only three years ago whoever ventured to write or speak against the papal rule in New York was certain to be threatened with violence by Irish Catholics, and the bludgeon and the pistol were used to silence common-sense. In England Dr. Manning's adherents are too few to suffer them to follow the example of their American allies. But there can be no doubt that murder, assassination, violence, must be the necessary results of the principles he inculcates. The recent attempt to assassinate Prince Bismarck by a Roman Catholic fanatic and priest is the latest example of the revival of the Middle-Age theories and practices. But how can Dr. Manning and his allies avoid approving the act if they are consistent? Have they not already taught their ignorant followers to adore as saints, and even deities, popes and priests who have committed not one but myriads of assassinations among the heretics of the past—among the Lutherans, Methodists, and Baptists of an earlier period? Prince Bismarck's only crime is that he has opposed the aggressions of the Papal Church. He is assailed by the same weapon with which the court of Rome struck down William of Orange and Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, or pursued the lives of Queen Elizabeth and William III. of England to their graves. In the period of which Dr. Manning is so profound an admirer the papal court was little more than a den of assassins.

It is perhaps true, as the ancients thought it was, that the wearer of a ruby may rely on keeping his health, and on being of a cheerful mind. But we should be sorry to believe that nobody can rationally count on these blessings unless he wears a ruby. For the supply of rubies, which, in the days of Solomon, that shrewd but ungallant prince pronounced to be only less limited than the number of excellent women, has diminished steadily. Society, to be sure, has gained by a corresponding increase in the number of excellent women; and rubies are prized now more for their intrinsic beauty than for their sanitary qualities, or as a measure of value for female character. The difficulty of finding a really fine ruby of the first quality was curiously illustrated at the London Exhibition of 1862, where two large stones were shown among the jewels of Queen Victoria as true rubies, which proved to be simply spinels, a stone of an entirely different nature and form of crystallization. Among the gems now on exhibition at the warerooms of Starr & Marcus, No. 22 John Street (up stairs), is a genuine ruby, probably of Burmese or Siamese origin, not of great size, but of such perfect form, and depth, and life of color, that it is worthy examination by those who wish to know what the costliest of all gems really is. This stone, with a small but absolutely perfect sapphire in the same collection,

> "Blue, blue, as if the sky let fall
> A flower from its cerulean wall,"

are admirable illustrations of the bold, scientific, and æsthetic spirit in which this house conceives and carries out its business operations. A dozen stones of inferior quality might be sold twenty times over before the adequately appreciative purchaser of one such treasure comes to secure it.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES,

Freckles, and Tan, ask your druggist for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, which is harmless, and in every case infallible; or, for his Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy, the great Skin Medicine for Pimples, Blackhead or Fleshworms. Consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, **49 Bond St., New York.**

THE BEST "ELASTIC TRUSS" (for rupture) without metal springs is made by Pomeroy & Co., 744 Broadway, New York. Price $4 00, by mail. They also sell the best "Elastic Stockings" for enlarged veins, weak joints, &c., and Elastic supporting and Riding Belts. Apply to them in person or by letter.

FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist's, and general out-door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

TEN QUARTS OF FINE INK FROM THE MAGIC INKSTAND

Without refilling. Size 2x3 inches. **Fluid, $2 00. Copying, $2 50.** The fluid is in all colors. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. **R. C. ROOT, ANTHONY, & CO., 62 Liberty St., New York.** ☞ Send for Circular.

SECOND AND LAST
GRAND GIFT CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
Masonic Relief Association
OF NORFOLK, VA.
THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1874.
50,000 TICKETS—6,000 CASH GIFTS.
$250,000
TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Whole Tickets, $10; Half Tickets, $5; Quarter Tickets, $2 50; Eleven Whole Tickets or 22 Half Tickets for $100. No discount on less amount.

For Tickets and Circulars giving full information, apply to the Home Office, NORFOLK, VA., or the Branch Office of the Association (Room 25), 78 and 80 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
HENRY V. MOORE, Secretary.

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC WEATHER HOUSES

Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by **ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,** Proprietor & Manufacturer, **229 Washington St., Boston.** *Special price to dealers.*

Rich Farming Lands
IN NEBRASKA.
Now for Sale very Cheap!
TEN YEARS CREDIT, INTEREST ONLY 6 PER CT.
SEND FOR "THE PIONEER,"

A handsome Illustrated paper, containing the Homestead Law, a NEW NUMBER just published, mailed free to all parts of the world.
Address **O. F. DAVIS,**
Land Commissioner U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Neb.

CHIVALRIE

That splendid New Field Game which created such an excitement at Newport, Long Branch, and elsewhere, last season, will be brought out this SPRING, in sets, of 8 different styles, at following prices: $8 00, $12 50, $25 00, $50 00, $100, $250, $500, $1000. As this beautiful game can not be described in a brief space, we will send an Illustrated Catalogue containing rules and full description, free to any one, on application.
WEST & LEE GAME CO., Worcester, Mass.

HENRY CAPT,
Watch Manufacturer,
GENEVA,
Has transferred his Repair Department to
L. C. LAMBELET, No. 19 John St., N.Y.
New address will be advertised as soon as we re-open.

PERFECTION!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
Beware of Counterfeits.

ENGLISH CHANNEL

RAGS AND TAGS never come on the soles of ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. Pretty feet should always be encased in them. Be sure you don't buy any thing else. Look on the sole, and you will see where the channel is cut.

STEWART'S
SLATE & MARBLE MANTELS
220 & 222 WEST 23d ST. N.Y.

PENNSYLVAVIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Pa., Opens Sept. 9th. Civil Engineering, the Classics, and English thoroughly taught. For Circulars apply to O. M. BOGART, Esq., No. 3 Nassau St., N.Y., or to Col. Theo. Hyatt, Pres't.

LAST CHANCE
FOR
AN EASY FORTUNE!
FIFTH AND LAST GIFT CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.
JULY 31st, 1874.

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift - - -		$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift - - -		100,000
One Grand Cash Gift - - -		75,000
One Grand Cash Gift - - -		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift - - -		25,000
5 Cash Gifts,	$20,000 each,	100,000
10 Cash Gifts,	14,000 each,	140,000
15 Cash Gifts,	10,000 each,	150,000
20 Cash Gifts,	5,000 each,	100,000
25 Cash Gifts,	4,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	3,000 each,	90,000
50 Cash Gifts,	2,000 each,	100,000
100 Cash Gifts,	1,000 each,	100,000
240 Cash Gifts,	500 each,	120,000
500 Cash Gifts,	100 each,	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts,	50 each,	950,000

Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all Cash, $2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets, - - - - -	$ 50 00
Halves - - - - - -	25 00
Tenths, or each Coupon - -	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for - - -	500 00
22 1-2 Tickets for - - -	1,000 00

For Tickets or information,
Address
THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.;
Or, **THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,** Eastern Agents,
609 Broadway, N. Y.

Lovejoy's New Style
GLASS CUTTER
And Putty Knife

Cuts glass better than a diamond. Everybody should have one. Any child can use it. Sent to your address on receipt of 50 cents and stamp by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY
229 Washington St.,
Boston, - - - Mass.

COLORADO EXCURSIONS

Escape the heat of summer and go to Colorado. Splendid hunting and fishing. Good hotels and charming summer resorts. Health-restoring mineral waters and a salubrious, invigorating climate. Thousands are going to Colorado this season to enjoy the luxuries of Nature among the beautiful parks of the Rocky Mountains. For cheap rates and particular information address E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, 25 South Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo., and he will cheerfully and promptly tell you all about it.

Established 1858.

PRINCE'S METALLIC PAINT. 72lbs. Metal in the 100 lbs. WARRANTED FIRE PROOF. 300 lbs. N. Y.

TRADE MARK PATENTED.

The best and cheapest Paint in the world for Iron, Tin or Wood. For sale by the Trade everywhere. PRINCE'S METALLIC PAINT CO., Manufacturers, 96 Cedar St., New York.
CAUTION.—Purchasers and consumers are cautioned against imitations of our Metallic Paint. All genuine *PRINCE'S METALLIC PAINT* will bear our name and trade mark on each and every package. Send for a circular.

By Agnes Strickland.

THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.
Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. 8 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $12 00; Half Calf, $26 00.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, ABRIDGED.
Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest. By Agnes Strickland. Abridged by the Author. Revised and Edited by Caroline G. Parker. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

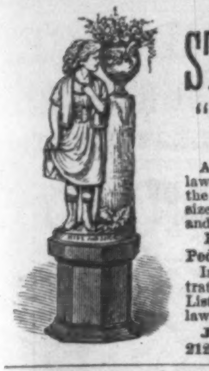
Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Pollak's Meerschaums.
Pipes and holders cut to order, repaired, and Boiled. 27 John St. Send for circular. P. O. Box 5009.

Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers
of every kind. Send stamp for Illustrated Price-List to
Great Western GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. For sale by all druggists.



ROGERS' STATUARY.

"Hide-and-Seek —Whoop!"

A new design for the lawn. Guaranteed to stand the weather. Figure life-size. Vase of iron for earth and flowers.

Price $50. Cast-iron Pedestal, $15.

Inclose 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, and Photographs of lawn subjects, to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A.—PAVILION HOTEL, **New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.,** is now open. Parties wishing fine, large, airy rooms should apply immediately. Fresh and salt water Baths in the house. Boats leave every half hour from foot of Whitehall and Dey Streets. Terms moderate.
BARR & CUTLER, Proprietors.

TYPE **Great Bargains in New Type,** in small fonts for Amateurs. Catalogue sent by JOSEPH WATSON, Manufacturer of the Young America Press, 53 Murray Street, New York, and 8 Province Street, Boston, Mass.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Pattern. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	No. 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
Vol. V.	
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50
Vol. VI.	
DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front	" 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt	" 45
SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt	" 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 52
Vol. VII.	
YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 1
ENGLISH BASQUE, LONG OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 11
HENRI TROIS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
HENRI TROIS BASQUE, with Greek Over-skirt and French Round Skirt	" 15
MEDICIS SACQUE, with Demi Over-skirt and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
MEDICIS BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 19
VALOIS DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 21
LADY'S RIDING HABIT (Postillion Basque and English Riding Skirt)	" 22
BELTED BASQUE, with Long Apron and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 23
GIRL'S BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-skirt, and Skirt (for girl from 4 to 13 years old)	" 25
PLAIN BASQUE, LONG APRON with SCARF BACK, and DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 27
CUIRASS BASQUE, ROUND APRON, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 33

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

JUST RECEIVED.

EXTRA CHOICE FRENCH & AMERICAN

Walnut and Ash Burl Veneers.

Also, **BIRD'S-EYE & CURLY MAPLE.** Full stock of Seasoned Mahogany, Walnut, Rose, Satin, Spanish and Red Cedar, and all kinds of Hardwoods, in Logs, Plank, Boards, and Veneers.
GEO. W. READ & CO., Mill and Yard 186 to 200 Lewis St., foot of 5th and 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.
Orders by Mail promptly and faithfully executed. Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

Imitation Silver Watches.

American Style, 8 oz., $18; 6 oz., $15; 5 oz., $13; 4 oz.) $12; 3 oz., $10. Chains to match, $2, $3, $4 and $5 each. Send Stamp for Illustrated Circular. Order six at once, and you get one free. No Agents. Sent by Express, C.O.D. COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696. Send Postal Orders and we will send goods free.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS FOR 1874.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY. JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: postage payable by the Subscriber at the office where received.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: postage payable at the offices where received.*

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

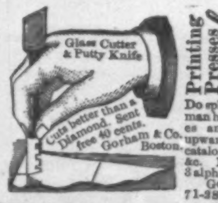
In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.


Glass Cutter & Putty Knife
Cuts better than a Diamond. Sent free 40 cents. Gorham & Co. Boston.

THE
BOSTON
Printing Presses

Do splendid work. Every man his own printer, Presses and outfits from $6 upwards. Send stamp for catalogue of Presses, Cuts, &c. Linen Markers with 3 alphabets of type $1.
GORHAM & CO.
71-73 School Street, Boston.

Turkish Tobaccos.—The undersigned company offers the finest Turkish Tobaccos for pipe and cigarette, imported and warranted genuine, in stylish packing of ⅛ and ¼ lbs. at $3 50 per lb. A most liberal discount will be allowed to dealers, according to quantities. We forward, free of charge, four different samples of the choicest Latakier, put up in most elegant boxes, against the remittance of $1 00 for ¼ lb., and $1 75 for ½ lb.
Depots at A. HEN & CO., 43 Liberty Street, New York, and RUHL BROS., 552 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
SYRIA TOBACCO CO.,
78 and 80 Walker St., N.Y.

Hussey's National Cottage Architecture.

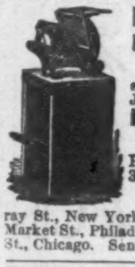
New & Original Designs, Working Scale Drawings, and Details for all Styles of low-priced Houses, with Specifications and Cost. Just published. Royal quarto. Postpaid, $6.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL ARCHITECT. 1,000 Working Drawings, **Plans, Details,** Specifications, and Estimates. Twelve Dollars, postpaid.

MONCKTON'S NATIONAL STAIRBUILDER. Six Dollars, postpaid.

MONCKTON'S NATIONAL CARPENTER and JOINER. Six Dollars, postpaid.

Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway, N. Y.



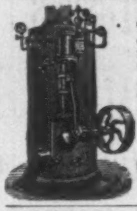
Do your own Printing with a NOVELTY PRESS.

The Best Yet Invented. For Amateur or Business Purposes, and unsurpassed for general Job Printing. Over 10,000 in Use.

BENJ. O. WOODS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in every description of
PRINTING MATERIAL, 349 Federal and 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston.

Agents—E. F. MacKusick, 6 Murray St., New York. Kelley, Howell & Ludwig, 917 Market St., Philadelphia. S. P. Rounds, 175 Munroe St., Chicago. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BIRDS. More Birds stop singing and die from being eaten up alive by Vermin than from all other causes. (They are sure death). Inclose $1 00 to H. RAYMOND, Broadway Bird Store, 1170 Broadway, New York City, for a remedy that can never fail and costs but a few cents.



Bookwalter Engine.

The lowest-priced good Engine ever constructed; Boiler & Engine made of the best Charcoal Iron. Compact, substantial, economical, and easily-managed; Boiler, Governor, Pump, and all Trimmings complete for running at low price of (boxing excepted):

3 Horse Power $250 00
4½ " " 300 00

☞ Delivered on Cars at Shops.

FOOSE & JAYNE,
109 Liberty Street, New York.

Parents and Guardians.—The SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DIRECTORY contains valuable information concerning schools. Compiled expressly as a guide for the use of Parents. Sent free. T. C. PINCKNEY, Bennett Building, New York.

$200 A MONTH TO AGENTS to sell the IMPROVED "HOME SHUTTLE" SEWING MACHINE, the only practical, low-priced "Lock Stitch" Sewing Machine ever invented. Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston, Mass.; New York City; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Louisville, Ky., or St. Louis, Mo.

Students and others, who desire to improve their own pecuniary condition and supply the intellectual needs of their fellows, are requested to address AVERY BILL, care of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, who wants Canvassing Agents to sell *M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature; The History, Essays, Orations, &c., of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance; The Life of Christ*, by Lyman Abbott; *The Land and Book*, by Thomson; *Morning and Evening Exercises*, by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, and other desirable books. Terms Liberal. Address as above.

Riverview Academy, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Resumes work September 10th. *"Et nunc amoto quæramus seria ludo."*

THE TOLL-GATE! **Prize Picture** sent free! An ingenious gem! 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

KIT CARSON. By his comrade, D. W. Peters, U. S. A. The only Authentic and Authorized Life published; 600 pages; beautifully illustrated. *Agents wanted every where.* 20,000 already sold. Circulars of all our works free. Address DUSTIN, GILMAN, & CO., Hartford, Conn.

TYPE. Type put up expressly for Amateur Printers by the New England Type Foundry, 105 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Send stamp for specimen book.

Wanted—Agents for **CHARLES SUMNER,** by Gen. N. P. Banks, Bishop Gilbert Haven, and Wm. M. Cornell, LL.D., with eulogies of Carl Schurz, Geo. W. Curtis, and others. Exclusive territory. No competition. Address J. H. EARLE, Publisher, Boston.

Novelty Depot. All the BEST, useful Novelties, Chromos, Pens, Stationery, &c. Agents Wanted. Catalogue free. Plumb & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Fast Selling Novelties, new articles. Lowest Prices. Send for Circular. Samples 25c. NATIONAL NOVELTY CO., 301 Broadway, N.Y.

$2400 Yearly to Agents. 54 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two $5 Chromos. Family Journal, 300 Br'way, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS' SUMMER BOOK-LIST.

BY J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of "The Thirty Years' War." By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," &c. With Illustrations. In Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $7 00. (Uniform with Motley's "Dutch Republic" and "United Netherlands.")

BY DR. SCHWEINFURTH.

The Heart of Africa; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa. From 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. With an Introduction by Winwood Reade. Illustrated by about 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and with Two Maps. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $8 00.

BY H. M. STANLEY.

Coomassie and Magdala: a Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By Henry M. Stanley. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

BY S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

Under the Trees. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Old Wells Dug Out: being a Third Series of Sermons. By T. De Witt Talmage. With a Picture of the New Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the First and Second Series of Talmage's Sermons.)

BY W. P. FETRIDGE.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain. With over One Hundred Maps and Plans of Cities. By W. Pembroke Fetridge, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," and "History of the Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune." In Three Vols., 12mo, Full Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Vol. (*the Vols. sold separately*); or, the Three Vols. in one, similar Binding, $7 00.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE CONFERENCE, 1873.

History, Essays, Orations, and Other Documents of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York, October 2-12, 1873. Edited by Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., and Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D. With Portraits of Rev. Messrs. Pronier, Carrasco, and Cook, recently deceased. 8vo, Cloth, nearly 800 pages, $6 00; Sheep, $7 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

Northern California and the Sandwich Islands. By Charles Nordhoff, Author of "California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," &c., &c. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

DE MILLE'S The Living Link. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Miss BRADDON'S Taken at the Flood. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ROBINSON'S Second-Cousin Sarah. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

GEORGIANA M. CRAIK'S Miss Moore. A Tale for Girls. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

Miss MULOCK'S My Mother and I. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

PAYN'S At Her Mercy. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S Lady Anna. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

BENEDICT'S John Worthington's Name. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

VICTOR HUGO'S Ninety-Three. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75; 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

TALBOT'S Through Fire and Water. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

BULWER'S Parisians. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

THE BLUE RIBBON. By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Jeanie's Quiet Life," "Meta's Faith," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

BLACK'S A Princess of Thule. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS. With Original and Characteristic Illustrations by American and British artists.

Oliver Twist.	8vo, Paper, 50 cts;	Cloth, $1 00.
Martin Chuzzlewit.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.
Old Curiosity Shop.	8vo, Paper, 75 cts;	Cloth, $1 25.
David Copperfield.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.
Dombey and Son.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.
Nicholas Nickleby.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.
Bleak House.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.
Pickwick Papers.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.
Little Dorrit.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.
Barnaby Rudge.	8vo, Paper, $1 00;	Cloth, $1 50.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

A FORTUNE For All, in the Rubber Stamp Business. Address Dorman's Stencil and Stamp Works, Baltimore, Md.

Agents Wanted.—Men or women. $34 a week or $100 forfeited. *Valuable samples free.* Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York.

Free SAMPLE to Agents. Ladies' Combination Needle-Book, with Chromos. Send stamp. Dean & Co., New Bedford, Mass.

$600 A MONTH made *honestly* with Stencil and Key-Check outfits. Catalogue and samples free. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

$10 to $1000 invested in Stocks and Gold pays 200 per cent. a month. Send for particulars. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers, 2 Wall St., N. Y.

$10 A DAY. Employment for all. Patent Novelties. Geo. L. Felton & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

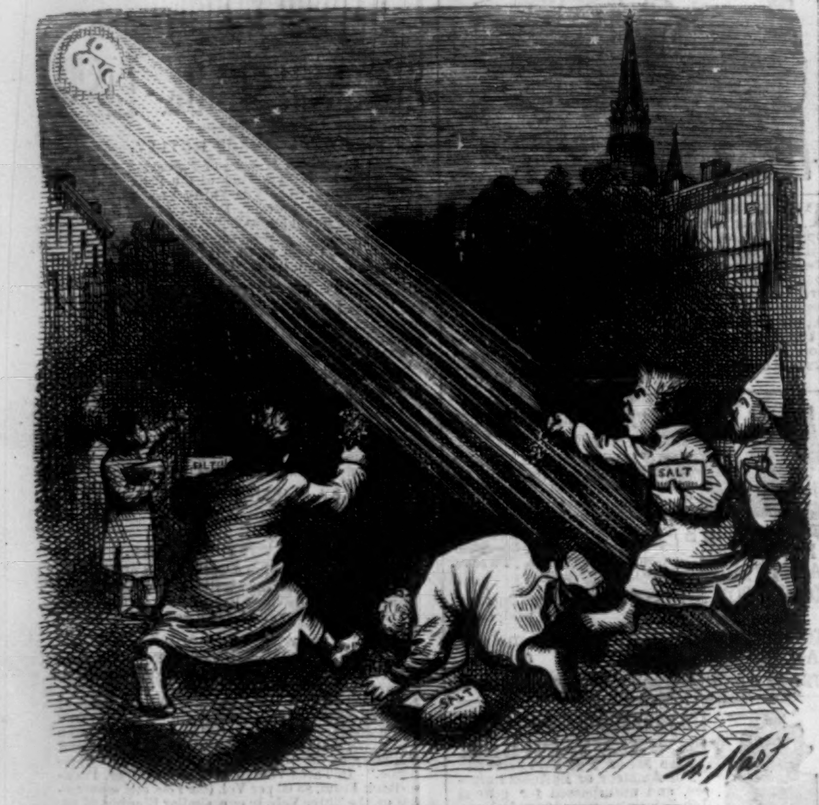
$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted; particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Boston Novelty Co., Boston, Mass.

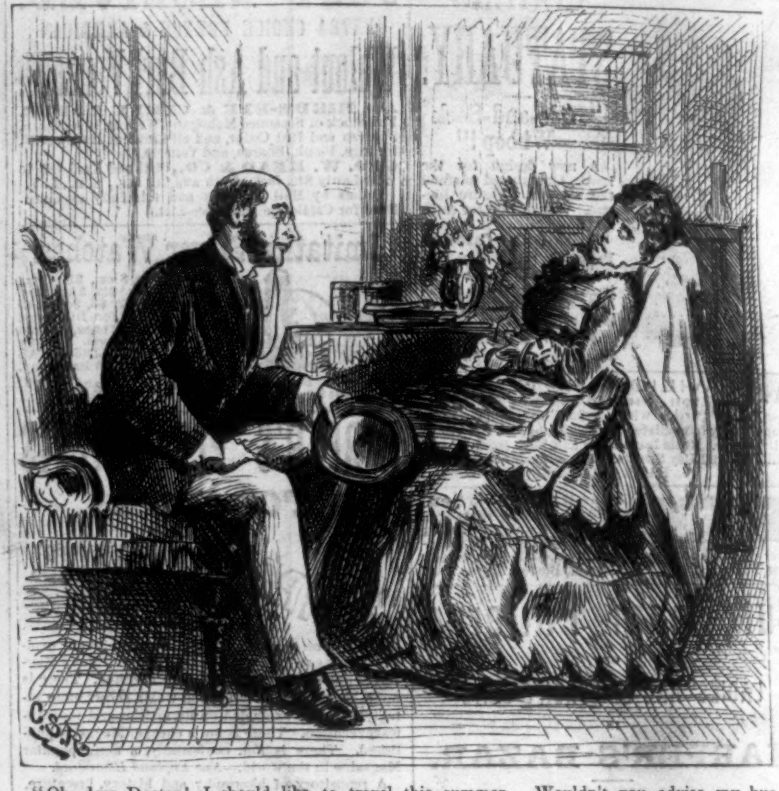
Samples from C. E. Hale & CO., 56 and 58 Park Place, N. Y. Sole Agents for Eastern States.

BUILDING PAPER! FOR SHEATHING, ROOFING, DEAFENING, CARPET LINING, AND PLASTERING

Samples from Rock River Paper Company, Chicago, Ills.



YOUNG AMERICA AFTER THE COMET'S TAIL.



"Oh, dear Doctor! I should like to travel this summer. Wouldn't you advise my husband to take me to some watering-place in Europe?"

Bradley, Pray, & Co.
Manufacturers
OF
CARRIAGES
AND
ROAD
WAGONS
OF THE
BEST QUALITY.
Warerooms:
558 BROADWAY.

THE IMPROVED
GOODENOUGH HORSE-SHOE
All fitted and punched ready for use. Every Breeder, every Farmer, every Horse-owner his own Farrier. No more Quarter Cracks, no more Corns, no Foot Ailments. Send for DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS to **Box 3044, Post-Office, New York.**

Union Adams & Co.
HAVE READY FOR THE PRESENT SEASON:
Patent Bathing-Dresses,
SPANISH SANDALS,
ORIENTAL TOWELS,
Trowser-fitting Drawers,
UNDERWEAR,
Hosiery, Gloves,
Regatta Suits, &c.
No. 637 BROADWAY.

Highest Premium (Medal) Awarded by American Institute.
ASBESTOS ROOFING
ASBESTOS PAINTS, ROOF COATING, CEMENTS, BOILER FELTING, SHEATHING, and GENERAL MATERIALS FOR ROOFING, STRUCTURAL, AND OTHER PURPOSES. Can be easily applied by any one. These materials are prepared ready for use, and are put up for shipment to all parts of the world. ☞ Send for descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, &c.
LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO GENERAL MERCHANTS AND DEALERS.
Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, Established 1858. } H. W. JOHNS, 87 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

STANLEY'S COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA.
Coomassie and Magdala: a Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By Henry M. Stanley. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50. (*Just Ready.*)

We are struck throughout his volume by the shrewdness of his surmises when he is guessing in the dark, and of the frequency with which his hurried judgments are confirmed.—*Times*, London.

He fairly wins admiration by the frank and yet stern eloquence of his narrative.—*Telegraph*, London.

Full of information, amusing, and graphic.—*Examiner*, London.

Mr. Stanley writes in a brisk and characteristic style, full of picturesqueness and vivacity. * * * We commend it as a spirited and graphic story of an expedition which reflected credit on all who took part in it.—*Standard*, London.

Apart from his merits as a historian, Mr. Stanley possesses humor which breaks forth on the slightest provocation.—*Athenæum*, London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

STEPHEN ROBERTS,
WOOD & IRON
BOAT BUILDING.
Racing Shell-Boats a Specialty.
Shops: 368 & 373 South St., and Foot of 114th St., Harlem River, N.Y.

Important to American Travellers in Europe.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have Just Published
A REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF
Harper's Guide-Book
FOR
Travellers in Europe and the East.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO
AMERICAN TOURISTS.
WITH OVER 100 MAPS AND PLANS OF CITIES.
By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE,
Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," and "History of the Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune."

In Three Volumes, 12mo, Full Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 per Volume.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.
VOL. II.—Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Greece.
VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain.

THE VOLUMES SOLD SEPARATELY;
Or, the Three Vols. in one, similar Binding, $7.

The object of this work is to give a distinct and clear outline, or a skeleton tour, through the different cities and places of interest in Europe and the East; the names of the principal works of art by the leading masters in all the galleries; the fees expected by the different custodians; the names and charges of the principal hotels; the cost of travelling the different routes, and the time employed; all the items in reference to the transportation of luggage, and the innumerable small charges which tend to swell the account of travelling expenses. With this single volume the tourist may travel comfortably without a courier, at a saving of twenty-five per cent. in expenses, and unincumbered with a library of guide-books costing from $60 to $70, in addition to the charges upon their weight. Those *who have been* in Europe, and those *who can not go* to Europe, will both find in this work a fund of entertainment; the first to read up and remember what *they have* seen, and the second what *they ought* to have seen.

FROM THE U. S. MINISTER TO GREECE.
(*Late U. S. Consul General at Paris.*)
55 Rue de Chateaudun, Paris, *Sept.* 10, 1873.

My Dear Mr. Fetridge:

I have received and examined with lively interest the new and extended edition of your extremely valuable "Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East." You have evidently spared no time or pains in consolidating the results of your wide travel, your great experience. You succeed in presenting to the traveller the most valuable guide and friend with which I have the good fortune to be acquainted. With the warmest thanks, I beg you to receive the most cordial congratulations of yours, very faithfully,

John Meredith Read, Jr.

W. Pembroke Fetridge, Esq.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Great Britain, on receipt of the price.*

July, 1874.
STATEMENT
OF THE OLD AND RELIABLE
TRAVELERS.

21st SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE
TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.
Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1874.

ASSETS.

Real estate owned by the company	$ 76,212 84
Cash in bank and hands of agents	173,049 60
Loans on first mortgages real estate	1 392,781 50
Deferred premiums	62,959 79
Accrued interest	47,838 16
Bills receivable	46,309 87
United States government bonds	365,420 00
State and municipal bonds	121,850 00
Railroad stocks and bonds	162,400 00
Bank and insurance stocks	488,355 00
Total Assets	$2,937,176 26

LIABILITIES.

Claims unadjusted and not due	$ 182,412 77
Reserve, N. Y. standard, life departm't	1,610,282 00
Reserve for re-insurance, acc. departm't	176,058 81
	$1,968,753 58
Surplus as regards policy-holders	$968,422 68

General Accident Policies, by the year or month, written by Agents, without delay.

Life and Endowment Insurance, of all forms. Ample security, definite contract, low premiums.

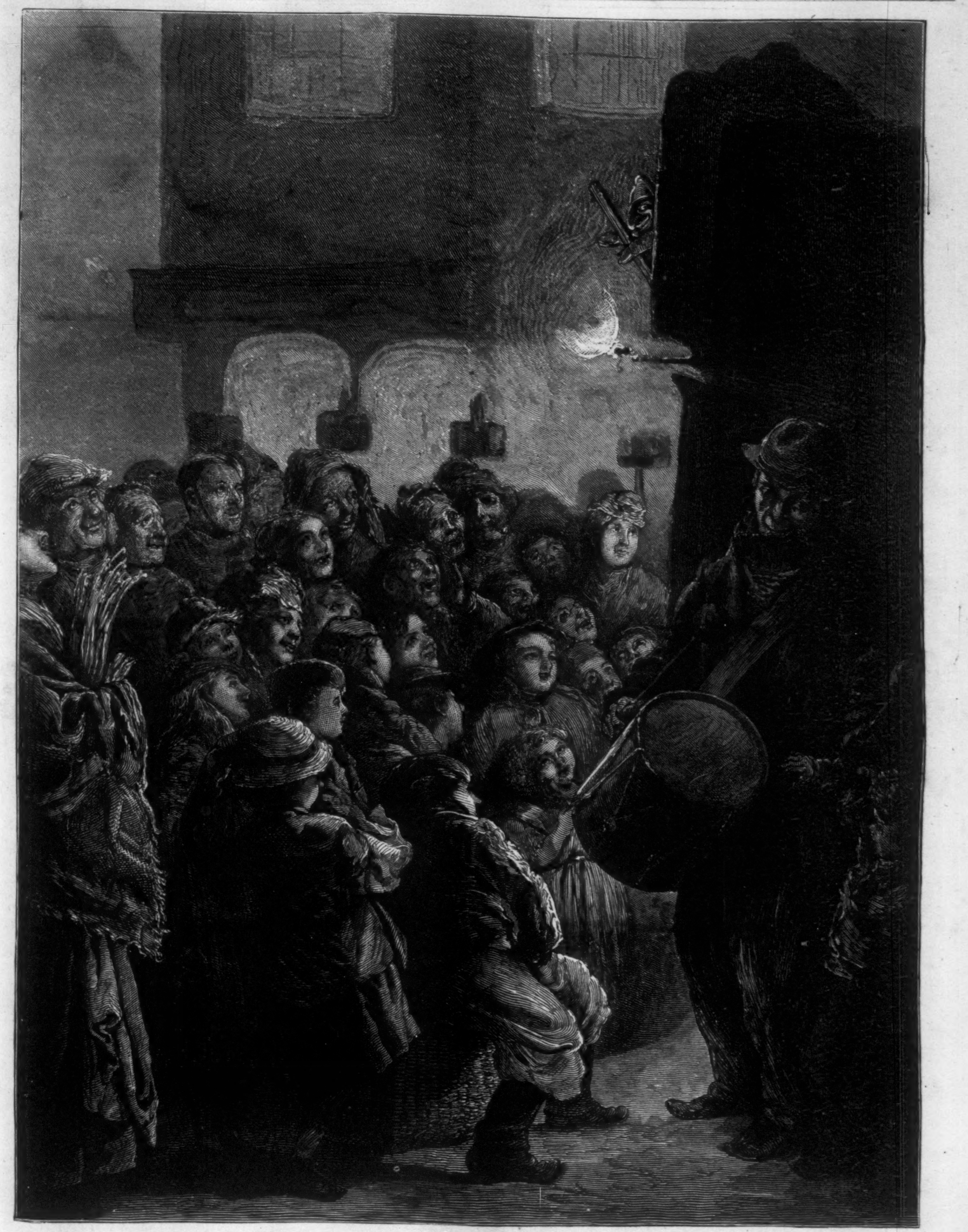
JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.
RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.
John E. Morris, Ass't Secretary.
New York Office, 207 BROADWAY.

LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List. Baltimore, Md.

EXCELSIOR
Printing Presses. *The Best Made!*
$6 Size for Cards, Labels, Envelopes, &c | $11 Size for Circulars, Etc.
Business Men do their own Printing and Advertising. **Boys and Amateurs** have delightful amusement and *money making*. Send stamp for circular, specimens, etc., to the Manufacturers,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

KNABE Grand, Square, & Upright PIANOS,
New York House, No. 112 Fifth Ave.
WM. KNABE & CO., BALTIMORE and NEW YORK.

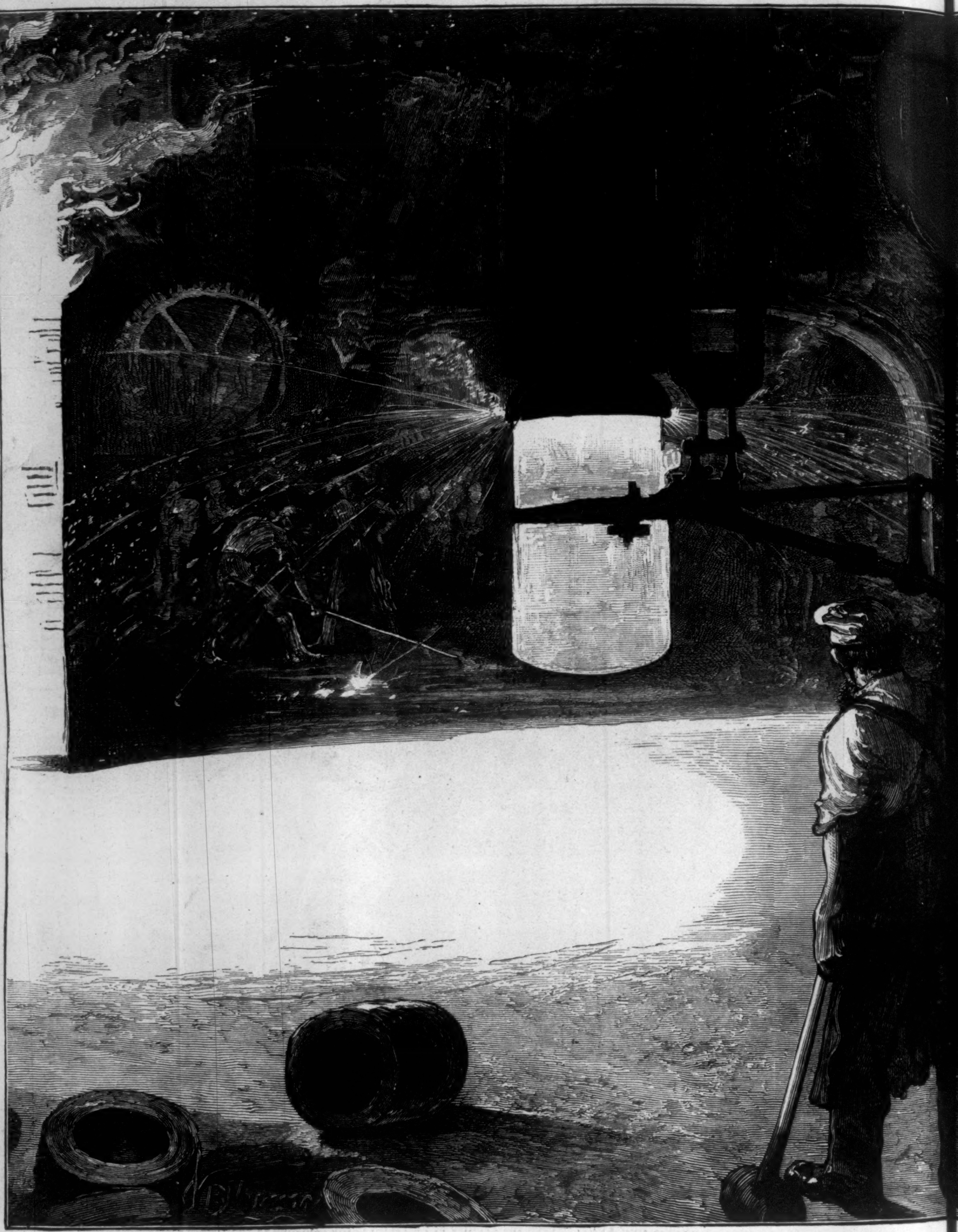


"PUNCH AND JUDY."—[From the Painting by Frederick Smith, exhibited in the Dudley Gallery, London.]

PUNCH AND JUDY.

A Punch-and-Judy show always draws a crowd. There is something irresistibly droll in the grotesque figures and the quaint, humorous dialogue of the drama, generally full of local hits improvised by the showman to suit the temper of his audience. King Louis of Bavaria, the grandfather of the present king, was fond of stopping in the street, after his abdication at least, to witness the performance; and grave ministers of state have been known to be late at a cabinet council from encountering the mimic show on their way. It is very popular in London, where scenes like the one represented in our engraving from Frederick Smith's admirable picture are of every-day occurrence in the streets of that city. Such crowds gather round the mimic theatre, especially in the early evening, when a flaring torch is needed to light up the performance, that the police are frequently obliged to disperse them to clear the street for those who can not afford the time for amusements.

Our readers are growing more familiar with Punch and Judy than they were two or three years ago, but there are still comparatively few of these grotesqne shows in this country. In England and in France and Germany they are almost as plenty as hand-organs, and a great deal more amusing. As Punch-and-Judy figures can now be bought at almost every large toy-shop, an ingenious boy can easily make a show which will be a source of endless amusement in the family or at school exhibitions. The theatre may be constructed with very little trouble out of a good-sized pine packing-box, which can be obtained at any dry-goods store. It should be entirely open behind and at the bottom, and the opening in front, where the figures are displayed, should extend about half-way down from the top, leaving a screen for the concealment of the performer's head and hands, while a curtain extending from the bottom of the box to the floor, and spreading a little on each side, will completely baffle the curiosity of the audience as to the machinery by which the figures are worked. The box may, as a temporary make-shift, be mounted on the backs of chairs. The performer holds the figures each in one hand, and by ingeniously working his fingers imparts motion to their heads and arms. This is so easily learned that one may very soon become an expert performer, and capable of giving an exceedingly diverting entertainment. The old drama of Punch and Judy, which is still exhibited in England, is not only very long, but rather coarse. A bright lad can write his own play, adapting it to local circumstances. With the proper change of voice for each character of the dialogue, skill in the manipulation of the figures, and quickness in improvising good hits and jests at the expense of his audience, he would soon become a most popular showman. The figures cost but little, only two or three are needful, and the construction of the theatre itself need add scarcely any thing to the expense of the outfit. It may, of course, be made elegant and costly, but the plain box answers every purpose.

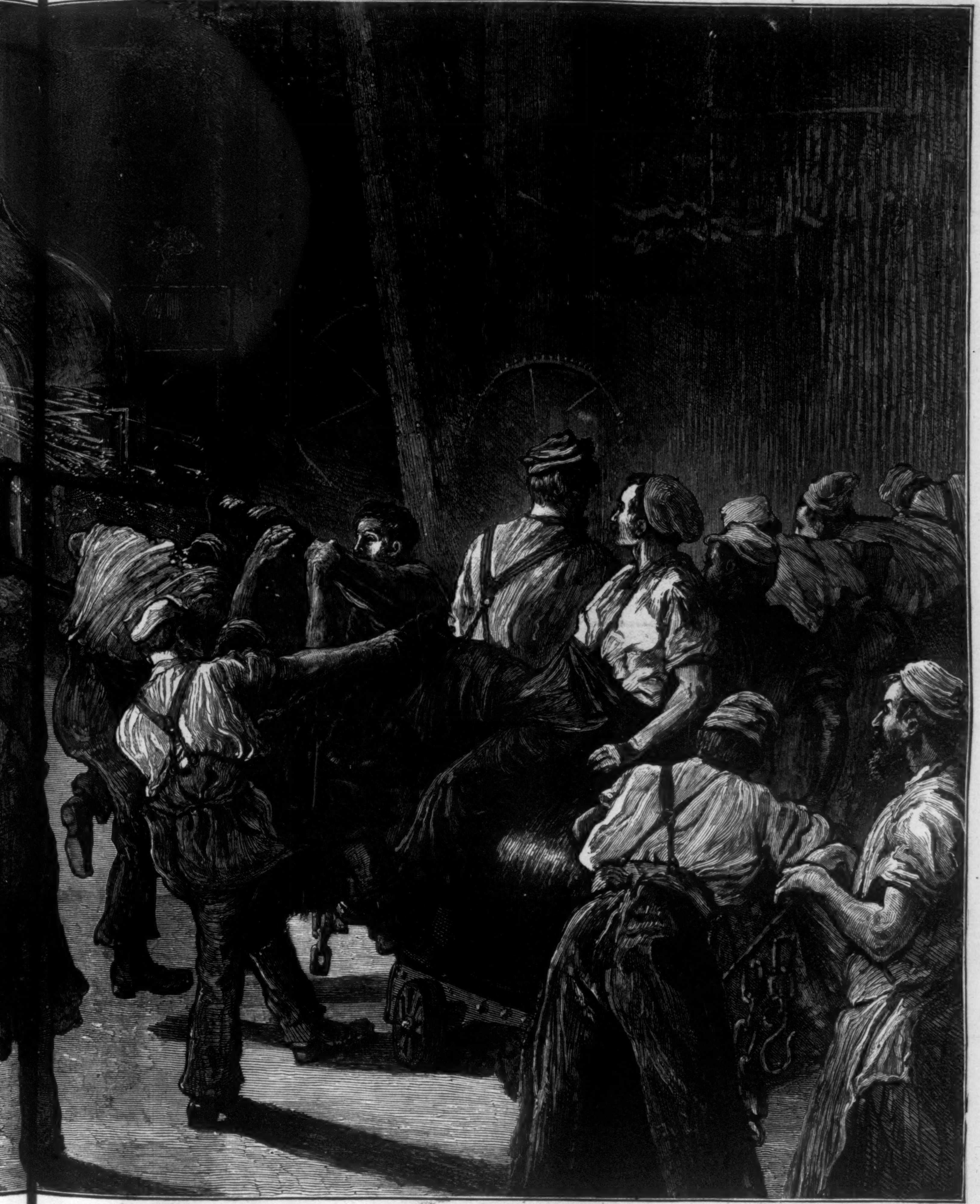


THE NEW STEAM-HAMMER AT

THE KING OF HAMMERS.

AMONG the sights witnessed by the Czar of Russia during his recent visit in England was the new steam-hammer at the Woolwich Arsenal in operation. It is housed in a tall shed of corrugated zinc erected especially for its shelter. It rises up in a prodigious mass of iron some fifty feet, and is shaped like other steam-hammers, but has a paraphernalia of cranes, cranks, wheels, and steam-pipes around it that significantly betoken its importance. On each side of it are enormous furnaces, which heat the metal to be submitted to its tremendous stroke; and tongs of iron, themselves weighing many tons, lie ready to grasp the glowing masses, and to turn them under the awful blow. The head of the hammer—which, of course, works vertically—is detachable, so that if the monster breaks his steel fist upon coil or anvil, another can be quickly supplied. These huge heads alone are big as a sugar hogshead, and come down upon the white-hot iron with a force of over a thousand foot-tons. For it is not merely with its own weight of thirty tons that the shaft descends: steam is injected behind the falling piston, which drives it down with vastly enhanced rapidity and impulse; while more wonderful, perhaps, than any thing to be seen aboveground is the hidden portion of this stupendous forge. There is revealed to sight nothing of this lower portion except a flat table of iron—the anvil—level with the floor of the foundry, but underneath this has been built an extraordinarily solid foundation. Huge tablets of foot-thick castings alternate with concrete and enormous balks of timber, and with lower beds of concrete, and piles driven deep into the solid earth, to compose a bed for the uppermost plate upon which the giant delivers his terrible stroke. Less than this would not render it safe to work the hammer to its full power. It would shake down its own fastenings and beat the clay basin into dust if all that prodigious preparation were not made for the earth-shaking impact. As the monster actually works, soberly and obediently though he does it, the solid soil trembles, and every thing movable shivers far and near as, with a scream of the steam and a turn of a little
lever-wheel, this "han
dering down, mashing
easily as if it were cr
of scarlet and yellow
the weight and size o
with perfect ease, and
manageably as a tick-

The special "objec
monster is to forge
navy. There are ot
eration which turn o
as the *Sultan* carries



AT OOLWICH ARSENAL, ENGLAND.

is "ham r of Thor" comes thun-
mashing hot iron into shape as
were cri n dough, squirting jets
yellow ast. Notwithstanding
l size o s machine, it is worked
ase, and ites its mighty blows as
a tick- k hammer.
"objec life" of this ponderous
forge t guns for the British
are ot steam-hammers in op-
turn o ighteen-ton guns, such
carries d others which manufacture twenty-five-ton and thirty-ton artillery, such as the *Devastation* and *Glatton* have. But, enormous as those pieces appear, far larger are needed. The *Inflexible*, now constructing, is destined to take on board an eighty-ton gun, throwing at least a thousand-pound shot, and the Woolwich giant has entered her Majesty's service for the express purpose of manufacturing these and similar trifles.

The Czar witnessed the whole process, which the following description will render intelligible. A thick beam or bar of metal, two hundred feet long or more, lies in the long furnaces heating, and if the tail emerges at the farther end, the smiths build up supplementary ovens round and over it, so that the entire beam or ribbon may be raised to white heat. This being accomplished, a mighty wheel, turning a mandrel, seizes the near end of the glowing beam, and winds it irresistibly in a fiery spiral round and round a core. The white-hot iron comes forth like a snake from the fires, held steady by its own weight, and when the coil is finished it goes, scorching the air, to the steam-hammer, held fast by the huge tongs, which are in turn managed by cranes and levers, the attendant Vulcans wearing visors on their faces to keep off the fierce glare of the mass. So soon as the rough, unwelded spiral is fairly placed on the anvil, one turn of a little wheel admits the steam into the cylinder. With a scream the monster rises, and with a roar he comes down, driving up all those tons of twisted iron into a compact breech or trunnion-piece, accomplishing with a few such blows what would have been—if indeed possible under any circumstances—the labor of many days and men. When the monster has finished his part of the performance there are yet wonderful things to be done and seen. The huge welded masses are taken to the lathes, and turned into smooth, neat, glittering, component parts—to be afterward shrunk on to the central tube of steel—and, these being fitted and united, a cunning boring machine cuts out the rifling from the steel tube, and the enormous weapon is then finished up to the perfection almost of jeweler's work; while in another shed a hundred busy machines turn and polish the great shell and shot for its use.